

BUSY MAN'S

MAGAZINE

APRIL



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TE WARD 1910.

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Vol. XIX.

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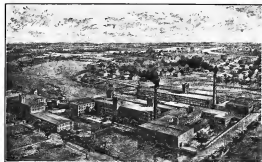
TORONTO APRIL 1910

No 6



MISS KATHLEEN CARLAW
A GREAT CANADIAN VIOLINIST

FIG. 6



THE DEVELOPMENT OF CANADIAN INDUSTRY
A "HIVE" OF INDUSTRIAL PLANT AT WILLOWDALE, ONT.

Canada's Struggle for Industrial Supremacy

By G. M. Murray

IT HAS been said of many a great movement that its earliest beginnings are shrouded in obscurity. Perhaps when the history of the Made in Canada movement comes to be written up a century hence some such statement will be made of it. It all depends upon what is meant by beginnings. If one is satisfied to look

upon the first organized plan of action as marking the beginning of the movement then the birth of the Made in Canada idea can be fixed almost with definiteness, but if, on the other hand, it is thought necessary to go beyond this stage, to trace back the idea in the abstract and to observe the extent to which the principle was prac-



A TWENTIETH CENTURY ROLL AND STEEL PLANT
A PAPERMAN'S VIEW OF THE ROLLING MILLS OF THE DOWNEY, IRON AND STEEL CO. AT BARNET, N.E.

used by individuals on their own initiative without the promptings of an organization, then it may truly be said the beginnings of the Made in Canada movement are shrouded in obscurity.

The practice of the Made in Canada doctrine by individuals probably antedates the arrival in this country of the United Empire Loyalists. If it does not, we are at any rate safe in assuming that immediately after the War of Independence the spirit of loyalty and patriotism ran sufficiently high in Canada to constitute a serious obstacle to the sale of American goods.

But there is nothing to show that the phrase "Made in Canada" was in

use at so early a period in our history. On the contrary, it seems to be an adoption of the last ten years. More than likely it is a local adaptation of the "Made in Germany" cry about which such a curious story is told.

There was a time not so very many years ago when an article labelled "Made in Germany" had about as much chance in the English market as an article labeled "Prison Made." This was due partly to the fact that in the manufacture of their goods the Germans used to sacrifice quality to cheapness, and partly also to the fact that as a commercial and naval power

they were beginning to challenge the supremacy of Britain. If they had had any choice in the matter the Germans would probably have abandoned the phrase, but the customs regulations of England required all imported goods to be marked with the country of their origin. To meet the situation, the Germans began to use better material and to educate their artisan classes so as to permit

of the highest class of workmanship going into their goods. The result was that in a remarkably short space of time the articles they produced were of such merit that they commanded a ready sale in England, despite the sentiment against them. To-day the expression "Made in Germany" is synonymous with the best the world can produce.

The first definite use of the phrase "Made in Canada" as part of an organized campaign dates from the formation of the Canadian Industrial League in 1902. Although the operations of this League were more or less scattered and covered a period of only three years they were much more far-reaching in their effect than most people have any idea of. The campaign which the League conducted was mainly one of newspaper education, supplemented by Made in Canada Exhibitions, hangers and stickers, one of the latter bearing the well-known legend, "Keep your money in circulation at home by buying goods Made in Canada."

Members of this League were required to subscribe to the following undertaking:—

"I hereby agree to become a member of the Canadian Industrial League, and promise to support by my vote and influence the principle of Tariff Protection for Canadian farming, mining and manufacturing industries, the development of shipping facilities at Canadian ports, and their use in preference to foreign ports, the improvement of Canada's internal and external transportation facilities and Government regulation of railway rates, so that the products of farm and factory may be carried to con-



A CONTRASTING SCENE
THE FARMER'S OLD SPINNING OF ST. MARGARET, NEAR
THREE RIVERS, QUE.



ANTIQUE METHODS
ENTRANCE OF THE ST. MARGARET TUNNEL NEAR
THE OPPOSITE TOWN.

sumers at home and abroad cheaply and with despatch. I also agree in making purchases to give the preference to articles "Made in Canada," when they are as cheap and as good as similar foreign products."

The above is interesting as showing the relation of the Made in Canada doctrine as conceived by its promoters to the Protectionist doctrine of the late Sir John A. Macdonald. It will be noted that each is the complement of the other. One defines the joint relation of our industries to the industries of foreign countries, the other defines the individual relation of our industries one to another. Protection is, as it were, our foreign industrial policy; "Made in Canada" our domestic industrial policy. Or, to put it briefly, loyalty to home industries is to be the domestic side of the tariff.

It is for this reason that the "Made in Canada" movement is sometimes referred to as our new national policy. Its advocates firmly believe that if rightly exploited it will eventually equal the great N.P. to which it has linked itself up. Whether it will or not remains to be seen, but the idea certainly seems to be capable of tremendous development, and under the guidance of a proper leader there is no reason why it should not revolutionize the industrial life of Canada just as its German counterpart has revolutionized the industrial life of Germany.

The "Made in Canada" doctrine bases its claim for recognition in the first instance on common ordinary pride. It seeks to inculcate into the mind of the average Canadian citizen a pride in his country, in its resources, its products and its institutions. It endeavors to inspire him with confidence in the future of his country, and to lead him to believe firmly in his ability to produce what will compare favorably with the best in the world.

For such pride there is no doubt ample justification. Our resources, both as regards quality and extent, are unsurpassed by those of any other

country. Our wheat, our timber, our pulp, our fish, our fruit and our dairy products are standard the world over. Indeed, one only needs to mention to a Canadian audience No. 1 Hard, British Columbian "toothpicks," Malpeignes, Montreal Melon, Northern Spy, or any one of a hundred other native products, to realize that we are proud of our country, proud of what she gives us and proud of what she grows us.

Now the average Canadian is a man of some grit; he comes from a virile stock, and he has been reared in a vigorous climate. Compared with the average foreigner, he has as much native ability and can do as good a day's work, and since he has an abundance of raw material of the first quality to work upon, it naturally follows that he should be able to produce as good an article. Whether he is really doing so or not makes little difference to the argument—no one disputes the statement that he can if he tries, and once he gets the proper infusion of Canadian pride in his blood, once he is shamed into acknowledging the fact that the foreigner is outdoing him, he will try and will succeed.

Just here it should be emphasized that it is essentially a part of any comprehensive "Made in Canada" campaign to put the Canadian manufacturer and the Canadian workman on their mettle, to apply to them the spur of emulation, so that they will bring their product at least up to the level, if not beyond the level, of the foreign product with which they have to compete. Our country is an exceedingly prosperous one. As our people grow richer they are getting better educated, they are becoming more discriminating in their tastes. They are no longer content to put up with cheap or inferior goods, but are calling for the best and insisting on having them. The advocate of "Made in Canada" principles recognizes this condition and endeavors to meet it by encouraging the production of high-

class goods. He preaches the more careful selection of material, the adoption of better methods of manufacture, the use of modern and up-to-date machinery, and above all the employment of highly skilled help. The scarcity of thoroughly competent artisans is one of the most serious difficulties with which he is at present called upon to contend, but he knows that that difficulty can and will be removed by technical education, so, nothing daunted, he includes that subject as a part of his programme and keeps hammering away.

When the manufacturer, with the aid of his highly skilled workmen, has succeeded in imparting to his product some degree of style, of durability and all the other qualities that go to make up a first-class article, then, in the opin-

ion of the "Made in Canada" advocate, he is entitled to appeal to the Canadian public for a business preference, so long as he is willing to sell at a reasonable price. But not till then. The "Made in Canada" movement can never amount to anything so long as it appeals for support on purely sentimental grounds.

When international relations are strained, sentiment in business may sometimes count for a good deal, but at all other times it is the almighty dollar that rules. Given value for value, sentimental considerations may fairly be invoked to swing the decision one way or the other, but it is only when other things are equal that a right-thinking Canadian manufacturer should endeavor to bring this argument into play.



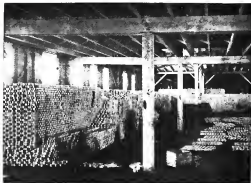
THE OLD—
PIONEER WINDMILL IN THE GARDEN



—AND THE NEW
GILLESPIE WOODS PULP MILL AND BURNING AT FORT WILSON



RAW MATERIAL—
THE SALMON OF SALMON FOR A BRITISH COLUMBIA CANNERY



—AND FINISHED PRODUCT
CANNED SALMON READY FOR SHIPMENT TO THE EAST

The man who turns out a second-rate article at a long price, labels it "Made in Canada" and then endeavors to work upon the patriotic feelings of the Canadian consumer in order to effect a sale deserves no sympathy. On the contrary, he deserves condign punishment, for by so doing he neutralizes the efforts of those who are trying to lift the standard of Canadian-made goods, he disturbs the confidence which the public are beginning to place in the merit of our product, and he damages our national reputation, both at home and abroad.

It is perhaps a hard thing to say, but it is true nevertheless, that a large part of the so-called tariff troubles which some manufacturers complain about are not tariff troubles at all, but simply troubles that come about as the result of trying to sell goods which people do not want to buy. These manufacturers have been leaning too heavily upon the tariff; they have been depending on the tariff to help them out of any and all difficulties, to cover up their multitude of sins. The "Made in Canada" idea properly explained to them would show them that they must do something for themselves, that they must make the goods for which there is a demand, make them at a price, and then let the people know by advertising that they have them for sale. The "Made in Canada" army will tolerate no sluggards in its camp; everyone must be a worker in the common cause of enhancing the country's reputation, and making it to be known as the workshop where people can get high-class goods, and value for their money.

But in working to this end there is another and perhaps more stubborn kind of opposition to be met with. It comes originally from a certain class of people who have a high opinion of themselves, who are more or less slaves of fashion and who think that nothing is good enough for them unless it comes from New York, or from London, or from Paris. To them Canadian-made suggests home-made, and of course anything home-made is

quite too common for their fastidious tastes. In catering to these people the retail trade have been forced into carrying imported lines, first one thing and then another. Naturally the retailer will not belittle a fad which is profitable to his business; on the contrary he encourages it, and he soon finds it an easy matter to persuade the understrapper who delights in aping the manners of his betters, to buy imported goods too. In the end all these people become thoroughly prejudiced against Canadian-made goods, and will flatly contradict anyone who is bold enough to suggest that they could get equal value and equal style in domestic goods.

Some two years ago a business man whom we shall call Mr. Brown went into a King street tailoring establishment in Toronto to look at some suitings. He asked for serges and was shown the usual assortment of English and Irish goods.

"Let me see your Canadian serges," he asked.

"Oh, we don't carry any Canadian serges" was the somewhat deprecating reply. "You see there is no demand for them, they are of such inferior quality."

"Well, I want a Canadian serge" answered Mr. Brown. "As to the quality, I am quite prepared to take chances on that. Can't you send out to the wholesale and get me some samples?"

"Well, really," answered the tailor hesitatingly, "I would like to oblige to sustain, and anyway I don't know a you, but you see we have a reputation single wholesaler in the city who carries Canadian serges."

"Do you want my order, or don't you?" asked Mr. Brown curtly, "because if you do you will get some samples and send them over to my office." With that he turned on his heel and walked away.

In less than half an hour the tailor's clerk called with an assortment of samples, all Canadian serges, from which a selection was made and the order given.



THE OLD WAY—
SETTLERS OF THE OLIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, WITH OXEN

A week later Brown was called over to try his suit on. The tailor received him with an apologetic smile and as he helped him into the coat he remarked:—"That is a beautiful piece of goods, Mr. Brown, I must admit I had no idea such fine serges were made in this country?"

"Of course you didn't know," retorted Mr. Brown, "because you've been so eager to humor the whims of your customers that you wouldn't even take the trouble to look at the samples the travelers for Canadian houses brought around to show you. By the way, what are you going to charge me for this suit?"

"Well really, Mr. Brown," said the tailor, "I can't afford to give it to you for any less than that Irish serge. It costs me just as much."

"That's all right," said Brown, "it's just as good a cloth, isn't it?"

"Yes, it seems to be."

"Then it ought to be worth as much."

But the tailor's feelings were hurt. His dignity had been offended. He had been tripped up in a misstatement of fact when he had characterized Canadian serges as inferior, and he felt that in some way or other he must vindicate himself. So after a pause he hazarded another remark.

"There is just one thing about that serge, Mr. Brown. I'm afraid of. I don't believe it will keep its color."

"Time will tell" was all Brown vouchsafed in reply.

Eighteen months elapsed and again Mr. Brown found himself in the same establishment trying to pick out a suit. The tailor was all smiles.

"You haven't been patronizing us lately, Mr. Brown," he remarked by way of breaking the ice. "I must say, though, that you have been getting your clothes made by someone who seems to know his business. That is a nice piece of goods in the suit you have on."

"Yes," replied Brown with an air

CANADA'S STRUGGLE FOR INDUSTRIAL SUPREMACY

of abashed-mindedness, "I can't say much for the fit, but the cloth is all right. That's the piece of Canadian serge you thought was going to fade. I have been wearing it ever since."

Whereupon Mr. Brown, the "Made in Canada" missionary, felt that he was entitled to mark down another convert to his credit.

Now it needs comparatively few men of this stamp, men with deep-set convictions and determination to get what they want, to swing the current of trade from foreign into domestic channels.

But, it will be asked, where are they to be found? We do not run across men every day who are willing to give themselves all kinds of trouble merely for the sake of gratifying a *fad*. No, perhaps not, but most men are amenable to reason; they will give a sound business proposition serious consideration, and if they can be shown that it is really to their interest to patronize Canadian industries and to give the preference in their purchases to Canadian-made products,

they will do so or else they will be forced to acknowledge themselves that they are weak-kneed fools.

The argument which is used most successfully in accomplishing this result has been very concisely expressed by the Canadian Manufacturers Association in one of a series of talks on Business Building recently issued to the retail trade. While it is directly pointed at the retailers, its application to every Canadian, no matter what his occupation may be, is quite apparent. This is how it reads in part:

"Abraham Lincoln was once discussing with some political friends the advisability of purchasing home-made goods in preference to those made abroad. This is how he put it: 'If we buy a ton of pig iron from England, we have the pig iron and England has the money; but if we make the pig iron for ourselves, we have the iron and the money too.'

"The foreign workman who gets your money doesn't spend one cent in your store; he never brings any grist to the mill of the Canadian banker or



—AND THE MODERN WAY

A HAWKINS-CANADA ENGINE (MADE IN ONTARIO), BURNING HEAVY FUEL AND RATED ANNUALLY FROM CANADA TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

the Canadian professional man; the factory that he works in, and that grows out your money, doesn't add one cent to the value of your real estate.

"The Canadian workman on the other hand, spends his money over your counter. If he is thrown out of work, you lose business. If he has steady employment you hold your trade.

"If the factory he works in languishes for lack of orders, your real estate sensibly depreciates in value. But if the factory is kept running so busily that it has to be enlarged, the value of your holdings goes up."

Just to bring home the lesson here taught, it may be stated that during the last fiscal year there was imported into Canada nearly \$100,000,000 worth of goods of a class or kind that we might just as well have made ourselves. Now in the census of 1905 the average Canadian factory employee was credited with having turned out products to the value of about \$2,000 and with having received 23 per cent of that amount in wages. On this basis therefore, assuming that we were suddenly to stop importing what we could make at home, we would at one stroke place 50,000 additional hands on our pay roll and distribute among them \$23,000,000 a year in wages. Allowing three dependents to each worker it would

mean an immediate increase of 200,000 in our population, to say nothing of the concomitant increase in storekeepers, bakers, gardeners, dairymen, professional men, and others whose services would be required in supplying the wants of this army of workers.

It only needs a few practical illustrations of this kind to open one's eyes to the limitless possibilities that await a systematically planned and persistently followed "Made in Canada" campaign. And there is reason to believe that such a campaign will shortly be inaugurated. The country seems to be ripe for it, business men seem disposed to accord it generous financial support and the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has undertaken to start the ball rolling. Just what form the movement will take it is as yet difficult to say, but in all probability the advertising columns of the newspapers and magazines will be used freely for heart to heart talks to the consumer. From first to last it will be a campaign of education, education by means of literature, education by means of lectures, education by means of exhibitions. Those behind it are said to have set their heart on raising by subscription \$50,000 a year for at least five years. If they are successful in doing so, and conduct their campaign methodically and judiciously, their work will unquestionably mark the commencement of a new era in the history of Canadian industry.



One of Queen Victoria's Chaplains



REV. JAMES BARCLAY, D.D.

AMONG the striking figures in the Presbyterian Church in Canada is Rev. James Barclay, D.D., of St. Paul's Church, Montreal, who, during his lifetime, enjoyed the honor of being a personal friend of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. A native of Paisley, Scotland, where he was born in 1844, he was ordained in 1870, and before coming to Montreal in 1883, held several charges in Scotland, notably that of colleague to Dr. McGregor in St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. On several occasions he was called upon to preach before Her Majesty and, even after taking up his residence in Canada, he was summoned to cross the Atlantic to officiate before her. A loyal Briton, he became a devoted Canadian, and when the Rebellion broke out in 1885, he marched with the Garrison Artillery to the front as their chaplain. On the occasion of the celebration of his twenty-fifth year as pastor of St. Paul's, a notable gathering of the leading representatives of every Christian denomination in Canada took place. Handsome gifts were made, among the most notable of which was a letter from Lord Mount Stephen, asking the acceptance of securities to the value of \$75,325, as a personal testimonial to his former pastor. Dr. Barclay recently intimated his desire to retire from the active work of the ministry, but he has been induced to withhold his resignation until next fall.

A Canadian Authority on Government



PROFESSOR W. BENNETT MUNRO

AMONG the sons of the Dominion, who are making for themselves an international reputation, is William Bennett Munro, assistant Professor of Government in Harvard University. Professor Munro has had a distinguished academic career and has already written several books on government. He was born in Almonte in 1875 and is still attached to the place of his birth, for he has a summer home there, where he manages to spend a pleasant month or so in each year's vacation period. His education was secured at the Almonte High School and Queen's University, where he graduated in 1896. He pursued post graduate studies at the University of Edinburgh, Harvard University and the University of Berlin, and is now Assistant Professor of Government in Harvard. His first book, "The Seigniorial System in Canada," appeared in 1907. The following year he issued, through the Champlain Society, "Documents Relating to Seigniorial Tenure." "The Government of European Cities" appeared last year and was highly commended by the critics, and this year will see the publication of his new book on "The Government of American Cities."

The Head of a Great Fraternal Order



ELLIOTT G. STEVENSON

GREAT occasions bring strong men to the front. Had it not been for the investigation of the Insurance Commission in Canada three years ago and the recent libel suit entered by a leading politician against the editor of an influential Canadian newspaper, the wonderful grasp and comprehensive knowledge which Mr. Elliott G. Stevenson has of the complex affairs of an almost world-wide fraternal organization might never have been known beyond the pale of the order. Even proverbial judicial restraint was for the moment forgotten, as the court paid tribute to the Supreme Chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Foresters, for his impartial attitude, strict probity and high business ideals. Mr. Stevenson is a native of Middlesex County, Ontario, and, as a resident of Detroit, has long been one of the ablest lawyers in Michigan, standing at the head of his profession. While he receives a salary of \$15,000 as Supreme Chief Ranger of the I. O. F., it is not generally known that he has sacrificed a legal practice, which netted him thrice this sum, to carry on the work of his illustrious predecessor, Dr. Oronhyatekha. Mr. Stevenson is another example of an active, brainy Canadian who has "made good." His first job was teaching a rural school near Strathroy, Ont., at \$300 a year.

A Signalman with an Observant Eye



JAMES O. FAGAN

By his occupation a humble signalman in a tower on the Boston & Maine Railroad in Cambridge, Mass., and yet to be on intimate terms with university authorities, railroad kings, and even the President himself, is a contrast, which may seem impossible, but yet is absolutely true in the case of James O. Fagan. Mr. Fagan came into prominence simply as the result of being a little more observant and thoughtful than the average railroad employee. Born at Inverness, Scotland, fifty years ago, he drifted around the world for several years, until he entered the service of the Boston & Lowell Railroad in 1882 as telegraph operator. For twenty-two years he has been stationed in a signal-tower at Cambridge, but instead of becoming an automaton, Mr. Fagan kept his eyes open and from his small corner made a very unusual study of railroading, economics and sociology in general. These results he put into writing and one day entered the office of the publishers of the Atlantic Monthly and submitted his composition to the learned editors of that most literary of all American magazines. The editors were astonished and promptly accepted his work. "The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman." The publication of this series attracted widespread attention, and, as a result, Mr. Fagan was invited to the White House, requested to lecture at Harvard University, and to speak before many railroad clubs and other organizations.



THE LILLIAN MINSKY SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE
ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF THE SUGGESTED NEW ADDITION TO THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S
RESIDENCY AND OFFICES OF THE DONATIONS OF THE MARKET HOUSE

Impecuniosity of Canada's Rich Men

By

Arthur Coarad

"One of the stingiest men of the day! His contributions to charity and philanthropic schemes are so small as to be almost ludicrous for a man of his wealth."

The speaker, an architect of my acquaintance, had been indulging in a wholesale condemnation of a group of Canada's wealthiest manufacturers, whilst we smoked an after-dinner cigar at the club.

My friend is naturally of a grouchy disposition and so long as he levelled his sarcasm at men outside my own limited circle of acquaintance, I was content to let him talk, half-believing and half-disbelieving his statements. It is oftentimes amusing to listen to the diatribes of such a man.

But when he suddenly veered around and, in the terms I have set down, proceeded to demolish the reputation of a man I knew and esteemed, I at once took the defensive. How often are we content to listen passive-

ly to attacks on men we do not know, while we are so keen to take up the cudgels for our friends, and yet the former are probably quite as deserving of our support as the latter.

"One of the stingiest men of the day!"

That was surely a hard statement to make, and yet might there not be some ground for such an accusation, considering the matter from the outside? In vindicating my friend, as I hope I did completely and finally, this question came forcibly to my mind. There are probably hundreds of men throughout Canada who have to bear the brand of parsimony, who are, by force of circumstances, compelled to be something quite the reverse of what they really are by nature.

A business man, who has gone through the hard and oftentimes bitter experience of building up a big industry, knows well what it means to be money-poor. But the great pub-



MACDONALD HALL, GUELPH
THE HANSPORT EXPERIENCE AND THE STUDENTS AT THE MACDONALD
INSTITUTION, THE CITY OF NEW YORK, CALIFORNIA

He accustomed to judge solely by external, cannot understand this. They see the huge factory, the army of workmen, the high-salaried heads of departments, and from these outward signs they deduce that the manufacturer himself is rolling in wealth. His pockets full of appendages, his bank account overflowing. Now can the public will be blamed for this deduction? There is not a Canadian hotel and no other industry like this out of the profits of a steel industry? There is not a Sir William Macdonald erect splendid palatial buildings out of a few happy industries? Who should we other manufacturers do so much in common?

The answer is simple: this, neither of these benefactions of the man we at the moment time solely concerned with building an industry. These days of economic depression. They have succeeded and business brought their buildings up to the point where at these are now in a position to draw from the funds necessary to carry on their philanthropy.

Finally, the case of the Massey benefactions will come to illustrate this point. The late Sir A. Massey for many years had to leave the management of the manufacturing. He was continued about 10 years as a money man. To applica-

tion after application and appeal after appeal he turned a deaf ear. The churches were ready to curse him; the university to abuse him. He simply did not rise to the occasion as everybody believed he ought to do, and as nearly everybody thought he could do, if he wanted to.

But there was at least one man, who was a little wiser than the rest. He knew Mr. Massey, and he understood the situation. That was the late Dr. Potts, the agent for the Methodist Church. Dr. Potts was aware that it wasn't inclination that deterred the great manufacturer from giving, that he was as anxious to forward the cause of his church as any other man. He was simply money-poor. All his much-maligned wealth was tied up in his business.

So Dr. Potts watched the situation and kept in touch with Mr. Massey.

One day, the clerks in one of the Toronto banks were surprised to see the dignified agent of the Methodist Church come rushing into the bank with unvoiced haste. He held in his hand a cheque for a large figure, signed by Hart A. Massey. Hastily slipping it through to the ledger-keeper, he exclaimed, "I want that cheque accepted at once, before the balance disappears." And that contribution was



THE MACDONALD INSTITUTE, GUELPH
THE BUILDING ERRECTED BY SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD OF MONTREAL TO ALLEVIOU
THE DOMESTIC NEEDS OF THE STUDENTS AT THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

the beginning of a series of princely benefactions, which have been continued since Mr. Massey's death, by the trustees of his estate, and which have just culminated in a splendid gift of new buildings to the University of Toronto.

The objective which Mr. Massey had in view justified the means. Had he given generously during the period of business-building, even if that had

been possible, he might have enjoyed a better reputation, but he would certainly have reduced the ultimate amount available for philanthropic work.

The manufacturer himself is often proportionally the smallest salaried official in the factory. Many a manufacturer is content to draw a modest income from the industry in which he is engaged, just that it may become



ANNEXERY HALL
ERECTED AND GIVEN BY SIR MASSEY TO VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, TORONTO
AS A RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS

stronger. He is willing to pay high salaries to salesmen and department managers and to raise mechanics' wages to the maximum, without claiming an extra cent himself. He is, of course, working for the ultimate good of the industry, believing that later on he will be rewarded for his remuneration. But in the meantime he has not only to put up with inadequate returns, but he has also to bear the reproaches of the crowd of agents and collectors, and sometimes his own employees, who think he is in a position to give large sums to charity, when he is not.

The attitude of the man or organization which seeks to draw money from the wealthy area of the country is oftentimes an extraordinary one. Apart from their misunderstanding of the rich man's motives and their consequent accusations of perverseness, which to a certain extent are natural, when the exact circumstances of the case are not known, their treatment of these men, when they do give money and are in a position to repeat their gifts from time to time, is frequently not less surprising. They seem

to take it for granted that these gifts are always available and from acting as humble supplicants for assistance, they turn into dictators of what should be given and to what purpose it should be assigned. If such a course of action arouses resentment it is not to be wondered at, and if the rich man diverts his gifts into other directions, these people have only themselves to blame for it.

The path of the rich man is by no means a bed of roses. The public seem to forget his services to the country in building up industry, in providing employment for hundreds or thousands of artisans, in conserving national resources and in opening up new channels of trade, and think only of his outward personal attitude toward philanthropic movements. In judging a man, all these considerations should be included, and it is not fair to the manufacturers and big business men of Canada that they should be compelled to bear the brand of parsimony, without having all the circumstances of the case weighed and taken into account.

Red Rubber

An Absorbing Story of the Machinations of a Belgian Baron on the Congo and in London, and of the Retributive Justice which Coverley Gutch Metes Out to Him

By Paul Urquhart

MARY Grindley had once smiled at Coverley Gutch, and her brother, Frank, had taken it into his head to try his luck in the Congo—a step largely accounted for by his want of luck at home, and the general feeling that prevailed among his family and his friends that the Congo was as good a burial-place for a man as any other in the world, seeing that there not only the register of his decease, but anything in the shape of an obituary notice, might be dispensed with—and these two facts, woven together into the web of fate, were responsible for the extraordinary interest that Gutch suddenly showed in the shares of the Rubber Development Company.

Had not the smile from that lovely, English face made a deep impression on his susceptible heart, it is quite possible that the fate of Frank Grindley would have left him more or less unmoved, for Mary's brother was not exactly the kind of man to imbue anybody, least of all Coverley Gutch, with any particular interest. A feeble course of drinking, betting, and borrowing, accompanied by certain dubious commercial transactions had made his departure from England a matter of considerable satisfaction to everybody who knew him. His subsequent fate was known only to a distinguished Bel-

gian nobleman, Baron Laroche, who had, as a matter of fact, shot him out of hand for his mandarin objection to the Baron's evangelising and civilising methods.

What those methods were, Frank had informed his sister; and their success, as exemplified by the prosperity of the Rubber Development Company, and the honor conferred upon Laroche—previously an undesirable who had been given thirty days in which to clear out of his native country with the alternative of a cell in the State prison—was beyond question. The natives who, prior to the concession of their land to the company, had been lazy and indolent, had been electrified into hard working, careful living, and industrious beings, and, though the population had shown an extraordinary decrease, and the number of the halt and maimed a surprising increase, the prosperity of the Rubber Development Company was a byword in all the exchanges in Europe.

The news was conveyed to Gutch in a letter from Mary, which reached him at his office, and as he read it, with his long legs stretched out on his desk, he whistled solemnly the opening bars of Chopin's Funeral March.

George Walker, who was engaged in what he called "teasing" a few blades of wheat into justifying his



NEW RESIDENCES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

THREE LANDING THREE STORIES, VALUED AT \$7500, OF WHICH ONE WAS GIVEN BY E. C. WHITFIELD OF OTTAWA, BRANCH OF THE FRUITER OF OTTAWA.

Walker's whole-hearted faith in his skill as an intensive culturist, carefully readjusted the glass top of one of the boxes which filled the window sill of the office, and turned a questioning face in the direction of Coverley Gutch.

"Bad news?" he queried.

Gutch read the letter to the end before he answered.

"Know anything about the Congo, George?" he said, inconsequently.

Walker shook his head. Geography was not his strong point.

"It's of no consequence in the world," continued Gutch, fingering his flaming, spotted tie. "It's a country in Africa—nice sort of place somewhere about the equator. Niggers and rubber and things, you know. Strange kind of hole, where the blacks, I'm given to understand, decrease in proportion to the consumption of the natural products of the country. But that's not the point—ab-so-lute-ly not."

Walker preserved an appearance so stolid as to suggest that he was training for a living statuary performance at the music-halls. Gutch looked round at him over his shoulder.

"Oh, you are listening; you're not asleep. Just see if you can find the name of his Most Eminent Excellency the Baron Laroche in the Directors' Guide."

While Walker turned over the pages of the volume in search of the particulars he had been asked for, Coverley Gutch gave his attention once again to the letter from Mary Grindley and the enclosure which had accompanied it.

Briefly, that letter narrated certain facts concerning Frank Grindley's three years' experience in the Congo. He had obtained, after knocking about in various positions, a junior District Commissionership in the south central portion of the Congo, in a corner between Portuguese West Africa and Rhodesia. There he had struck a virgin rubber

forest, and, backed by ten thousand pounds of his father's money, had secured a concession embracing this forest. The formal authority, a portentous document decorated with the royal coat of arms, he had forwarded to England, and it now lay upon the desk in front of Coverley Gutch.

It had been Frank's idea to float a company in London for the proper development of the concession. For weeks his letters had been full of the scheme, full also of the arrival of a great official from Brussels, the Baron Laroche, who was supposed to be touring the country in the interests of the natives. The sequence of letters from Frank Grindley related how a rupture had taken place between himself and the Baron on the subject of the latter's treatment of the blacks. The very last letter described a violent scene, in which the two men had almost come to blows. Then the correspondence had abruptly ceased, and not a word more had been heard from Frank Grindley. For eighteen months a lingering hope had remained in the minds of his family that news would be heard of him; but all their inquiries proved futile, and now they had given him up as dead.

After relating these facts, Mary Grindley went on to implore Coverley Gutch's assistance. He was the only man of her acquaintance, she said, to whom she could turn; her father, fearful lest Frank might have disgraced himself again, had refused to pursue his investigations, and was left to Mary, his only surviving child, to avenge the wrong, if wrong had been done to her brother. Would Mr. Gutch, she wrote, try and ascertain the value of the property mentioned in the enclosed document, and further, find out some particulars for her regarding the Baron Laroche?

"Here you are, Mr. Gutch," said Walker, interrupting her meditations, and pointing with a big, broad thumb to a paragraph in the volume

he had in his hands, "you's chap you mentioned."

Gutch read through the list of companies with which Laroche was concerned. His enterprises in the field of commerce were of a variegated sort, from beet-sugar to Hungarian timber. There was only one of the companies of which he was director whose operations were connected with the Congo, and that was the Rubber Development Company. Taking his legs off the desk, Gutch rose lazily from his chair, and, crossing the room to a file cabinet, took out from one of the drawers the prospectus of the Rubber Development Company. He read it through carefully, and then, with a puzzled look on his face, took up the document Mary Grindley had sent him. Leaning over his desk, he looked from the document to the prospectus and back again. Suddenly he stood erect, and, plunging his hands deep into his trousers' pockets, began whistling the March from "Athalie." He pulled up in front of Walker and eyed him gravely for a moment, as if his continued existence was a matter for surprise.

"George," he said at last, "have you ever known a Belgian baron?"

"Nay," retorted Walker, gruffly. "I don't hold with them foreigners."

"Well, I'm going to make the acquaintance of one before many days are out—that's certain, ab-so-lute-ly."

He looked at his watch. It was half-past eleven. Without troubling about his hat, he passed out of his office and made his way across the street into the "House." There he calmly sold fifty thousand "devils," as the Rubber Development shares were called, at a premium of 15s, and then went leisurely, with a good-natured smile upon his face, to his lunch.

II.

As Baron Laroche sat opposite his wife the following morning, combin-

ing the business of eating his petit déjeuner and reading his favorite financial paper, he suddenly gave an exclamation of surprise, and his face assumed so angry and so ferocious an appearance that his wife committed the unusual indiscretion of asking what was the matter.

"It is nothing," said the Baron, with an assumption of indifference. "It is a lie of those papers, but it is nothing, nothing."

He repeated the phrase twice. It was one which had won him a certain amount of celebrity. With a cigarette between his lips, and the air of a grand seigneur, he dismissed lightly all sorts of reflections on his conduct as an official with those same words, "It is nothing." Somehow or other, on this occasion they did not seem to carry the same conviction, even to himself. He grew angrier and angrier, and at last, in an explosive fury, jumped from his seat and rushed to the telephone. In a few moments his flat in Kensington had been placed in connection with the office of the Financial Chronicle.

"Yes, yes, I'm Baron Laroche. This report in your paper that the Rubber Development Company has no title to the property in the Congo—is it scandalous. It is a most serious business. If it is not contradicted I must place the matter in the hands of my solicitors. What is that you say?—you had it on good authority? Who is the authority, I should like to know? Your representative had it from Mr.—who?—Mr. Coverley Gutch, of the Stock Exchange, eh? I will see this Mr. Gutch, and I will consider what steps are necessary to protect the interests of the company. And his address?"

He made a note of the address on his shirt-cuff, and then banged down the receiver, tempermentally.

"It is nothing," he muttered to himself, ignoring the existence of his wife, and striding up and down

room, stroking his imperial and me ferociously at the carpet. "It Mague, but all the same I will this Coverley Gutch—yes, I will him at once."

le rang the bell for his valet, and, sitting himself with particular e, sallied out to the motor-ugham, which had been got ready his hasty summons. When he imately knocked at the door of wlerley Gutch's office, he was a lin, dignified, almost distinguish- looking foreigner, with the auth- itative air of a field-marshal.

"What dost tha want?" was Walker's greeting, as he opened the door.

"I am Baron Laroche. There is ny card. I wish to see Mr. Coverley Gutch—at once."

He waited for Walker to hurry away at his command. To his sur- prise, the Yorkshireman examined the card with a care and deliberation which seemed to suggest that he thought the piece of paste-board a forgery and his visitor a suspicious character.

"Tha mon bids a bit; Mr. Gutch is in 't House."

Though the Baron spoke English perfectly, he had some difficulty in following Walker's dialect.

"If Mr. Gutch is in the 'House,' kin'ly send for him. My business is urgent."

"Happen!" retorted Walker with non-committal lethargy.

How much longer the exasperated Baron might have had to bear Walker's stolid indifference to the importance of his business, it is difficult to say, but a further trial of his temper was obviated by the arrival of Coverley Gutch himself, whistling Schubert's Serenade.

"Ah! Baron Laroche," he said, looking at the card he took from Walker. "I was expecting you."

"Take any interest in intensified culture, Baron?" he asked as he closed the door of his office. "Some in-

teresting examples here. Growing more wheat in a square foot than you can get in a square yard under the ordinary system—ab-so-lute-ly."

Baron Laroche interrupted angrily.

"Your wheat is nothing to me. I have come here about the report in the Financial Chronicle, for which, I understand, you are responsible, concerning the Rubber Development Company."

Gutch suppressed with difficulty a craving to whistle.

"I told the Chronicle people to tell you I had given them the information," he said, blandly smiling, "it has had a tremendous effect on the market. 'Devils' have fallen a whole point this morning."

He thrust his long arms deep into his trousers pockets and looked good-naturedly at the Baron, as if he were convinced the news must have an inspiring effect on his temper. The Baron glowered back at him with ferocious indignation.

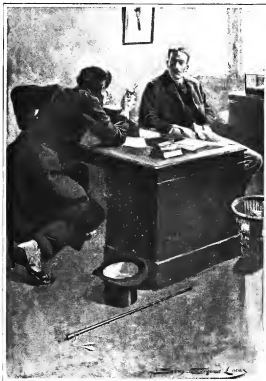
"You put in this false report, and then you have the impudence to tell me that."

"Ab-so-lute-ly, Baron," retorted Gutch serenely. "I am 'bearing' 'Devils,' you see."

With a supreme effort the Baron recovered that air of authoritative dignity for which he was famous. He calmly took a seat at the desk facing Gutch.

"Very well," he said, tapping off the points with his gloved fingers. "You are 'bearing' these shares, and you secure the insertion of this false and scandalous report in the Financial Chronicle to insure depreciation of the shares. You make this gross charge without a shadow of proof. I shall report the matter to the committee of the 'House.'"

"My boy," retorted Gutch, with the grin of a schoolboy, "you could a't do anything I should like better. They shall have the authority for my statement whenever they wish it."



(Shown by Sydney Newman for 1911)
"HE FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING DOWN THE GLITTERING BARREL."

"And who is your authority?"

"Mr. Frank Grindley, to whom the concession was made in the first instance."

"That is a lie," retorted the Baron, slowly, "for your Mr. Grindley has been dead, now, over eighteen months."

"Ah, you know that?" questioned Gutch eagerly, leaning across the desk.

The Baron stroked his grey imperial.

"Certainly. I saw him die—of a stroke. So your pretty little story tumbles to the ground, Mr. Cumberley Gutch."

"Coverley—not Cumberley—Baron. As for the proof of my statement, I have the original document granting Mr. Frank Grindley the concession in consideration of ten thousand pounds and the usual royalty. Also I have a collection of charming anecdotes—ab-so-lute-ly charming—about your Excellency, which I shall publish from time to time, unless we can come to terms, Baron."

The Baron's brows contracted, and his eyes narrowed.

"Your silly threats, they are nothing, but if you have any such forged document, you will give it me, please—now."

He spoke emphatically, as one with authority, his eyes fixed on Gutch. Gutch leant back in his chair and roared with laughter.

"Don't, Baron, you're too funny—ab-so-lute-ly too funny."

He closed his eyes in the exquisiteness of his enjoyment. When he opened them again, he found himself looking down the glittering barrel of a revolver.

"You will give me those papers, please," said the Baron, watching Gutch closely, the hand which held the revolver as steady as a rock.

"This is not the Congo, Baron," Gutch said calmly, not a sign of

nervousness escaping him. "You are qualifying yourself for a stretch on the gallows."

"That is nothing. You are trying to ruin me. You will give me the document or I fire."

With his right foot Gutch rang the bell that was hidden in the carpet beneath his desk.

"The document is the property of Mr. Frank Grindley's sister, and so I certainly shall not give it to you. I should put that toy away, Baron; it might go off."

The glass door behind the unconscious Baron opened softly.

"I will count ten, Mr. Cumberley Gutch, and if you do not give me the papers before then, I will fire. One—two—"

Suddenly a huge hand closed upon the Baron's right wrist. The revolver was wrenched from his grasp as if he had been an infant, and, before he could utter a word, he was lifted out of the chair and flung on the ground.

"That'll do, George," said Gutch, still calmly sitting at his desk, "let him get up. I wish you good-day, Baron. Our interview has been most interesting. The little dispute between us I'll settle in my own way without calling in the police, George, show His Excellency out."

III.

On the evening of the same day, Coverley Gutch, having concluded his business in the city, by buying twice the number of "Devils" he had sold, motored out from his house at Hendon to the old manor which belonged to the Grindleys, some five miles from Rickmansworth. It was nine o'clock as he passed the lodge gates. Half-way up the long drive, he saw a familiar figure, walking rapidly towards him.

"Mr. Grindley," he called out, stopping his car, "I was just coming up to see you."

Dazzled by the glare of the acetylene lamps, Mr. Grindley was unable to distinguish his visitor.

"Who is that?" he asked in a shaky voice.

"Coverley Gutch. Ought to know me after all these years, Mr. Grindley," said Gutch, getting out of the car and going up to the side of the old gentleman, with whom he had been intimate ever since he had received his first tip from him at school.

Mr. Grindley was in evening dress, and without a hat, and his face showed signs of great agitation. "Thank God it is you, my boy," he said warmly, taking Gutch's hand. "I can speak to you and perhaps you can help me."

"Rather! But what on earth's the matter?"

"It's about Frank, my poor boy. He's come back. God knows what disgrace there is this time."

"Frank come back! Why—"

Gutch stopped himself abruptly. "I found it out by chance. We had some friends up to dinner and bridge. About a quarter of an hour ago I missed Mary. It was awkward, because, since my dear wife's death, she has had to act the part of hostess. I made inquiries among the servants, and one of them brought me this letter, picked up in Mary's room."

With a shaking hand he held out a crumpled piece of paper. Taking it, Gutch bent over the lamp and read what was written there.

"Dear Mary—I've come back, but I'm in a deuce of a hole and don't like to face the old man. Will you meet me without fail, in Lark's Avenue, at 9.30 to-night? Don't fail me—Frank."

"I don't know what to do," exclaimed Mr. Grindley. "I thought I would just go to the lodge to see if I could see Mary, but I can't leave my guests without an explanation. Will you go, Coverley, and see my poor boy? I can trust you;

find out what is the matter, and do whatever is necessary. Save me from any further disgrace, if you can."

Coverley Gutch swung himself into the car.

"You go home, Mr. Grindley," he said. "I'll see everything's all right."

He turned the car and sped quickly back down the drive. As he passed the lodge gates again, he turned to Walker.

"George, you heard what Mr. Grindley said. There's something wrong here, ab-so-lute-ly. Frank Grindley can't have come back."

"Why?" retorted Walker, with his usual monosyllabic brevity.

"Because he's dead!"

Lark's Avenue is a pathway about half a mile long, cut through a magnificent beech wood. Leaving the car at the little inn hard by, Gutch and Walker picked their way in the moonlight across the grass. As they entered the Avenue they were enveloped in darkness. Not a thing could be seen beneath the thick leafy arch of the trees. Behind them the light of the inn seemed to shine almost with the glare of Regent St. They moved forward a few paces into the impenetrable blackness and then stopped. From what seemed a long distance off, they heard a faint cry. Both men broke into a run at the sound, stumbling about among the trees and tripping over the bare roots. After a minute of this sort of progress they came to a halt, hopelessly lost and thoroughly confused as to their whereabouts. Suddenly out of the darkness they heard voices, speaking in whispers, quite near to them.

"Hut, monsieur, somebody is coming."

For a few seconds dead silence reigned in the wood; then a voice, familiar to Gutch, spoke.

"The devil take her obstinacy! We must carry her to the car."

There was a rustle of dried leaves and the cracking of twigs, and then the sound of hard breathing coming nearer. Indistinctly, through the blackness, two figures appeared.

There was a sound of something dropped, and the light scattering of feet as Gutch clutched out into the darkness. His hands closed vice-like, on the arm of a man.

"Strike a light, George. Never mind the other man."

A little spurt of flame cast a yellow circle on the screen of darkness, illuminating the grey silver trunk of a gigantic beech tree, at the foot of which lay the figure of a woman, with a handkerchief tightly bound round her mouth. Gutch pushed forward the man he held so that he could see his face.

"Baron Laroche! I thought so—ah-so late-ly. George, hold his Excellency a moment, while I attend to Miss Grindley."

Handing over his captive, he went down on his knees and gently loosened the handkerchief which was bound round the girl's face.

"It's all right, Miss Grindley, it's I—Coverley Gutch. Try and tell us what's happened."

A perplexed look passed over the girl's face. She smiled faintly at Gutch and then knit her brows as if to collect her thoughts.

"I thought it was Frank, but it was Baron Laroche. He told me Frank was dead, and he wanted to force me to get back that concession paper from you. When I refused, he seized hold of my arm and threatened me, and I think I must have fainted."

"Right you are, Miss Grindley, I'll settle with the Baron. Now, you try and walk. Your father's fearfully anxious about you, George, bring along his Serene Eminence."

He helped Miss Grindley to her feet, and slowly conducted her down the Avenue again, through the field, to his car. Leaving George to stand

scatty over the Baron, he drove her back to the house. What exactly passed between them on the way, Gutch never breathed to anyone, but when he returned once more to the place where he had left Walker and his prisoner, he was in the wildest spirits.

"You are going to give me to the police?" stuttered the Baron, as Walker forced him into a seat.

"No, Baron. That's not my way. I'm going to have a little talk and do a little business when we get back to my place."

Gutch's little talk, which took place between midnight and two in the morning, was a rather one-sided affair. He did most of the talking, and the Baron answered in muttered monosyllables. In the end his Excellency signed a cheque payable to Mr. Grindley for fifteen thousand pounds, being the ten thousand pounds, plus interest, paid by Frank Grindley for his concession, and appended his signature to a transfer by which he made over all his shares in the Rubber Development Company to Mary Grindley.

"This is highly illegal, Baron—ah-so-late-ly," said Gutch, at the conclusion of these transactions. It's compounding a felony and all that kind of thing, but it's a more satisfactory way for all parties concerned than draining bogs at Princetown."

Two days later, an announcement in the Financial Chronicle, stating that the difficulty which had arisen over the title of the Rubber Development Company to their concession had been settled, had an inspiring effect on the market. "Devils" rose again to a premium of 1½, at which figure Gutch sold his hundred thousand shares.

Four days later Baron Laroche hastened to take his departure from London for his native country—a poorer, and, perhaps, a wiser man. As for Mary Grindley, that is another story.



By
F. M. Atkinson

WHEN a little girl of fourteen years, Kathleen Parlow, arrived in London four years ago, and won from the keenest and wisest critics high praise for her violin playing, it was only natural to expect that the child-prodigy would mature with years and study and training into a great violinist. And we have not been disappointed. Her

tone is marvellous, her technique masterly, and her emotional interpretation adequate and individual. In short, at nineteen years of age the little girl from Canada is one of the greatest living woman-violinists, and takes a place among the very foremost players of either sex.

When I went to see Miss Parlow I found her established in rooms in

artistic Hampstead, where so many painters and musicians congregate in London. She had just completed a round of concerts in the provinces, and though her drawingroom was pleasant enough, Miss Parlow could not help regretting, while chatting with me, that she is too much a bird of passage to have a real home of her own in London—at any rate just now.

"Tell me something about your early days in Canada," I said, as soon as we had settled down informally to the business of interviewer and interviewee.

"I was born in Calgary, Alberta. I am afraid I cannot tell you much more than that about my early days in Canada. You see I was almost a baby—only five and a half—when we left to go to San Francisco. My first ambition was to learn to read; and I mastered the A. B. C. part of it in Canada, at four years old."

Then Miss Parlow went on to tell how her taste for music was born and developed—"As a little thing, though I could recite both poetry and prose, I could not sing at all. But my mother played the violin, and also my cousin, Mr. F. J. Conrad, who is very well known in San Francisco as a violin teacher. I used to watch them both play, listening intently the while. By and by I became fascinated with the instrument, and thought how lovely it would be "to play like mother!"

"At this time I had a tiny fiddle given to me. I had seen it in a toy-shop, and had set my heart upon having it for my very own—" (Miss Parlow was an only child, and delicate; she got what she wanted). "That was the beginning. My mother taught me how to use the instrument, and was so pleased with my progress that she promised I should have lessons from my cousin, who taught quite big people. This was, of course, a very important

event for a little girl of barely six years old.

"After six weeks' hard practice, I gained what is known as a positive pitch. Not many months later I made my first public appearance in San Francisco, and at seven I gave my first recital there."

Beside me is a programme of the little girl's first recital. It bears a picture of a quaint, laughing, little child, with long curls—not a bit like the tall Kathleen Parlow of today, whose hair, then fair, is now quite dark brown, and whose pleasing face is full of depth and character. The announcement on this programme runs as follows:

Thursday evening, Sept. 15th, 1898.
LITTLE KATHLEEN PARLOW
The wonderful 7-year-old Violin Virtuosa, assisted by the Press Club Quartette.

The child played four solos, and made a tremendous impression.

From Mr. F. J. Conrad's excellent tuition, Miss Parlow, passed to Mr. Henry Holmes, with whom she studied for four years, touring in the meantime in California, as a prodigy, and always under the wing of her mother. By this time she was a tall, slim, fragile girl of about fourteen, and it was decided that she should come to London, the Mecca of all musical artists. This she did, and was heard for the first time in March, 1905, at the Bechstein Hall. She was at once marked down by the critics as of unusual ability and promise.

In the autumn of that year she played with the London Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall, and was specially applauded by the musical critics for her magnificent tone. The Times, in fact, went so far as to say: "Very rarely indeed have we heard tone of such volume, even in an artist of many years' standing, and there is no sign of forcing it, so

that its quality is generally beautiful." Her big, full tone still stands out as a "point" in her playing, while her technique now is extraordinarily good. Before this eventful year had closed she had received a Royal Command to play before Queen Alexandra.

Later Miss Parlow studied for a year and a half with Prof. Auer (conductor of the St. Petersburg Philharmonic) in St. Petersburg, playing the while at many concerts on the Continent. Miss Parlow has now been under Prof. Auer more or less for four years. They are excellent friends, and several photographs of him adorn her room.

Miss Parlow is thoughtful and purposeful, and seems to have a peculiarly well-balanced temperament; but she has an abundant fund of nervous energy. She is decidedly "bookish." "What is she like?" readers will be asking. Well, her photographs will give an excellent answer. She has a charming smile and both her rippling hair and her eyes are dark. Her dark hair impressed me, because on the concert-platform, with the light fall on it, it appears fair. She only put it up last summer. She dresses simply. Miss Parlow has always been delicate, and this has been in some ways a great handicap, but each year she is growing stronger. She has led a gentle, studious, sheltered life, and has always had her mother with her, and all the care which only a mother can give. Her father died many years ago, and she is an only child.

Russia suits her excellently, and she is (at the time I write these lines) looking forward to going there during the spring, when she will again see Prof. Auer, and come into touch with her circle of musical friends in St. Petersburg. In April and May, she will be playing with the Beecham Orchestra in the United States, and perhaps will be heard also in Toronto.

Miss Parlow was far too delicate to go to school when she was a little girl, and she has been entirely educated by her mother, who is an accomplished, cultured woman of a very bright disposition. The two are close friends and companions.

Then Miss Parlow told me about her Guarnieris, which once belonged to Viotta, and which was bought for her at a cost of 40,000 marks (£2,000). "I saw it in Berlin," she said, "and coveted it; and to my great joy it was afterwards given to me by some Norwegian friends, after I had played ten times in Christiania. Of course, I value it tremendously, and I play on it always."

Miss Parlow has played four times before the King and Queen of Norway, and after the last Royal Command in Christiania Queen Maud presented her with a beautiful brooch set with brilliants. She has played three times to our own King and Queen; also at a party given by the Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and before several other British Royalties and notabilities.

Fortune no longer knocks at a man's door;
she presses the button and expects him to do
the rest.—*John Milton.*

The Paying Guest

An Amusing Irish Story

By E. G. Grogan

"HIS coming, Molly," I cried, bursting unconsciously in to my sister's room. Molly sat up in bed, her eyes shining with amusement and excitement.

"Oh, Nora!"

"Yes, Miss. I knew you'd say that. But isn't it grand? Fancy having three guineas a week, girl! Why, I'll be able to face the butcher and the grocer and all of them again."

"I thought you said three and a half in the advertisement."

"Well, so I did," I confessed reluctantly. "but he can't afford more than three. It's a long journey from London to the West of Ireland, and—er—I'm afraid, dear, we will have to give up playing and singing while he's here, because he wants to be quiet. He's ordered to take a rest cure, you see."

"I believe he'll be a pig," said Molly laconically.

"Never mind, it will be lovely to have some money again; but, Nora, do you think papa really won't find out?"

"We must risk it, dear, for we must have money," I cried fiercely, thinking of that terrible pile of bills in my desk.

"Nora, do you think father's books ever will make us rich?"

"I don't know. He says they will live after him."

"Still, it does seem hard that his daughters should starve in order that future generations may call him blessed—"

"Molly!" I said sternly.

"I can't help it, Nor. Just look at my skirt, and it's the only one I've got left to wear now."

"Never mind, darling, you shall have another soon."

Running downstairs, I wrote a hasty reply to Mr. Brown, promising faithfully that there should be no children in the house, no bridge, and, above all, no music. Then, unsmiling at my courage, I took the letter out to the kitchen. Biddy received it with an ominous snort. "Sure, and is it for the lodger, Miss Nora?"

"Biddy, how often am I to tell you he is not a lodger, but a paying guest?"

"Well, it's mighty like the same thing, I'm thinking. Sure the O'Moore's, that's lived and ruled in these parts since before the Flood, will turn in their graves with horror to see their children taking in lodgers at the last."

I walked to the door, but the old woman followed me.

"And what would himself say if he knew it, Miss Nora?"

"Biddy, you know we've no money, and father has none either, he says. In fact, I don't mention money to him now, and how can we live? Would you rather see the O'Moore's unable to pay their debts?" I demanded promptly.

"You'd not be the first of the race that never paid their bills, alannah. Isn't it honor enough for them dirty tradespeople to serve quality like you? Ah! now child, let me put the letter behind the fire; it's no use at all, at all."

"Biddy," I cried fiercely, "give that letter to Larry at once, and tell him to post it." Rather to my surprise, Biddy gave in.

"All right, Miss Nora," she said sullenly. "Have it your own way, then," and went off to the stables. I watched her hand the letter to Larry, and then ran in to breakfast.

On Wednesday morning I rose with a curious feeling of excitement. Mr. Brown was due to arrive on Thursday, and to-day papa had to be informed somehow that we expected a visitor. Would he demand explanations, or would he—as we fondly hoped—merely nod his head, and with the usual reminder that he must not be disturbed, plunge again into the realms of ancient Phoenicia? It was with a trembling hand that at last I knocked at the study door, and the impatient bellow, "Come in, come in!" sent my heart down into the soles of my boots.

"Nora, of course. It is quite impossible for you to realize that I am engaged on a most important work?"

"I only wanted to tell you, father, that—I—that—is—"

"Get on, Nora, get on."

"Yes, father—we—there is a guest—"

"A guest? Well, can't you get a room prepared between you without disturbing me? Now, for goodness' sake, don't interrupt me again to-day, and don't let us have that everlasting rabbit for dinner while he's here."

The ordeal was over, and I flew upstairs with a light heart to help in preparing Mr. Brown's room.

As I was putting the finishing touches, and wondering if our guest would mind the somewhat rickety furniture and decidedly threadbare carpet, an unwanted sound reached my ears. Rushing to the window, I saw with amazement an ancient car coming down our moss-grown drive. It was driven by no less a person than crazy Mick (one of Biddy's innumerable cousins, by the way), and balanced on the other side of it was a man surrounded by guns, golf clubs,

fishing tackle, and gladstone bags. As they came nearer I saw he was young and decidedly good-looking.

Suddenly the stranger looked up, and I saw him give a start of surprise before I fled back into the room, my cheeks burning, and horribly conscious of my large blue check apron and the dusting brush clutched in my hand. The car drew up at the front door with a flourish, and I listened breathlessly to hear Biddy's apologies, and the inevitable abuse which would be hurled upon Mick's worthless head. But none came. Instead I heard sounds of blarneyings and blessings, the bang of dropped packages and bags, and finally the sound of wheels driving off. I tiptoed to the window and peeped out. Yes, the car was going away again, but it had left its passenger behind!

"Oh, Nora!"

"Well, Molly, who is it?" I cried eagerly, as I dragged off the blue apron and tried feverishly to tidy my rebellious locks.

"Oh, he's come, and he's perfectly sweet, Nora."

"Who's come, girl?"

"Why, Mr. Brown, of course!"

"Mr. Brown? That hands—I mean healthy-looking young man, with all those guns and clubs? Molly, are you sure?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"He asked if I was Miss O'Moore. So I said 'No, I'm only Molly.' He laughed then and shook hands—he's lovely teeth, Nora—and said, 'Can I see Mr. O'Moore?' I didn't know what to say to that, so I ran off and left Biddy with him. Do come down, Nora, and explain things."

My heart beat rather unsteadily as I walked downstairs. I was determined that Mr. Brown shouldn't shake hands with me at first sight in that familiar way. After all, he was only, as Biddy had said, "the lodger," and must be kept in his place.

"Miss O'Moore?" cried Mr. Brown, rising as I entered the room. I drew myself up and bowed, and

though he looked a little surprised he did likewise.

"Yes, I am Miss O'Moore. I am afraid you cannot see my father at present. He is a literary man, and it is a rule of the house that he is not to be disturbed when he is writing."

find everything as you like it. If not—"

"I am sure I shall," he interrupted, smiling. (Molly is right: he has good teeth.) What a charming old place this is!"

When the door closed I walked to the window and tried to cool my



"RUNNING TO THE WINDOW, I SAW WITH AMAZEMENT AN ANCIENT OAK LOBBY-DOWN OUR 2000-POUND DRIVE."

"Oh, please don't think of troubling him on my account."

"Would you like to see your room?"

"Thank you."

I rang the bell. "Will you follow Biddy, please, and I trust you will

burning cheeks against the glass. Mr. Brown was so very unlike anything I had pictured to myself—so much younger and handsomer. Somehow I couldn't possibly imagine him haggling over that extra half-guinea as he had done.

Molly and I were both late for lunch. On reaching the dining-room we found Mr. Brown and father chatting away in the friendliest fashion; and, to my amazement, and I confess annoyance, papa was actually calling our paying guest by his Christian name.

"You've already met the children, Reggie, eh?"

Yes, he had. So we all sat down.

As soon as the covers were removed papa laid down his knife and fork with a bang.

"Rabbit again, Nora, and after what I said, too?"

"I am so sorry, papa," I stammered; "I—"

"My dear Reggie," he interrupted crossly, "I must prepare you for what you will have to expect here. Nora's one and only idea of food is rabbit, morning, noon, and night—rabbit, rabbit, rabbit!"

"Jolly good thing, too—one of my favorite dishes," protested Mr. Brown. I looked gratefully, while Molly murmured "Brick" under her breath.

"Have you any golf about here?" asked the lodger presently.

"Have we, girls?"

"No," we both said together, turning anxious eyes on Mr. Brown.

"Take your gun out this afternoon, my boy, then. Rough shooting, of course, as I don't preserve. But Larry will show you round; only, for Heaven's sake, don't bring Nora any rabbits."

We had a ripping dinner that night. Pat Connor, the butcher, had sent us a leg of mutton on my promising faithfully that I would give him "something on account" next Wednesday. Father was quite genial, and Mr. Brown most entertaining.

"He's a darling?" cried Molly, when we found ourselves alone in the drawing-room afterwards. "Oh, Nora, how I wish he were our brother, don't you?" And she danced over to the piano and plunged

into one of Chopin's waltzes before I could stop her.

"Molly, didn't I tell you he hated music?"

Molly stopped abruptly, just as the door opened and Mr. Brown came in.

"Oh, please go on," he cried eagerly.

"Oh, no," I said hastily. "She doesn't want to play, really. She forgot, you know."

"Yes, I quite forgot. I wouldn't worry you for anything," cried my enthusiastic little sister.

"Worry me! Why, I love music, and you have a charming touch. Come, Miss Molly, do let me hear you play."

Molly looked at me.

"It is very good of you, Mr. Brown," I said graciously; "but, you see, we know you don't like music, because you laid such stress on there being none in the house."

"I laid—oh, well," he said in some confusion, "you see, in some houses the music is so bad. Do forget it, Miss O'Moore, and let us enjoy ourselves."

So we played and sang and had a most delightful evening.

Mr. Brown seemed horrified the first time he found us girls making his bed, but he soon got over all that, and helped us in various ways himself. And every night, when we got upstairs, Molly would say, "Oh, Nora, what shall we do if Reggie goes away?" And every night I used to lie awake wondering how on earth I should give him his bill. I felt I simply could not say anything about the money unless he offered it to me, and yet—suppose he forgot? My word was pledged to Pat Connor, and I felt sure that long-suffering individual would never let us have another joint of meat again if I failed to give him that "something on account."

Wednesday came at last. I made out a receipt and put it into my pocket.

ket, hoping against hope that Mr. Brown would place the three guineas beside my plate at breakfast, or slip them unobtrusively into my hand in what Biddy called "a genteel envelope."

Our paying guest, however, seemed to have completely forgotten all such mundane matters as debts and creditors, and, breakfast over, strolled after me into the kitchen, where he sat watching me making the bread and pastry for dinner. Now Biddy has so often told me that "it's the fine fat lump of an arm y'e've got, Miss Nora, entirely," that I cannot help realizing they are too fat, especially as Mr. Brown always stares at them, so when I'm bread-making I usually invent some grand down at the village for him. To-day, however, I wanted that money so badly that I let him stay where he was, and tried feverishly to lead up to the subject nearest my heart. But the lodger seemed decidedly stupid this morning. Then all at once I heard the sound of Pat's horse trotting steadily up the drive, and, taking my courage in both hands, I turned and confronted Mr. Brown, my face crimson with mingled shame and determination. Oh! how hateful it was, and how hateful he was, too.

"Miss O'Moore? What is it?" he asked, rising hastily. "Are you angry with me for looking at your beautiful arms? I—Oh, child, don't!" he cried, seeing the tears of real anguish in my eyes. Can't you tell me what it is?"

"It is that," I said desperately, almost flinging the receipt into his hands.

"Oh how stupid of me," he stammered, and hastily taking out three guinea coins he held them towards me.

I almost snatched them from him, and, not waiting for the shillings or the stammering apologies he had commenced, rushed to meet the

butcher, who was already hammering at the back door. "There!" I cried, pressing a sovereign into his hand, and without another word I turned and fled upstairs, and, locking myself into my room, buried my burning face in the pillows.

"Oh, Nora," a small voice whispered pleadingly through the door. I rose and opened it reluctantly. "Nora, how could you be so unkind? Poor Reggie has been perfectly miserable the whole morning."

"Poor Reggie!" I echoed in amazement.

"Yes, poor Reggie," repeated Molly firmly. "You've made him simply miserable. Why did you make such a fuss over the disgusting money? Biddy says that you'd be apt to get your dues from the angel Gabriel himself!"

"Don't, Molly! I had to ask for it, or there would have been nothing but rabbit to eat ever afterwards," I said incoherently.

"Well, come down now, and tell him it's all right."

So down I went, and Reggie was so nice, and he made me take a whole month's pay in advance; so I need not worry over the bills any more.

Another week slipped by. I had ordered a special dinner for this evening, and everything went splendidly till Biddy put the dessert on.

"A very nice dinner, child," said father, leaning back and smiling across the table at me. "Excellent," chimed in Reggie, also smiling at me.

"But," continued father, "why are we always condemned to eat with the kitchen cutlery? I won't have it. Just run and get the dessert forks, Nora."

All the blood in my body seemed to rush to my face.

"Oh, papa," I faltered, "I—I don't think I know where they are."

"Why, in the plate chest, you stupid child. Come, what are you waiting for?"

I was conscious of Molly's scared little face as I rose and walked mechanically towards the door—to do what? To go and look

for spoons and forks in an empty cupboard. For had we not sold, with Biddy's help, every piece of silver it contained? As I turned the handle I heard Reggie's voice: "May we have the silver out to-morrow instead, Mr. O'Moore? I expect Biddy hasn't

down the winding avenue, the unswept leaves rustling under my feet. But soon there came a frightened little voice calling after me, "Oh, Nora!"

"Well, Molly," I said desperately, "we sold it to keep us all—papa included—from starvation and naked-



"HE GRASPED ME SUDDENLY AND ALMOST FEROCIOUSLY IN HIS ARMS"

cleaned it to-day, as she's been busy doing some things for me."

"Well, well, let's have it to-morrow, then; and, Nora, another good dinner, if you please."

So I was saved—for one night. Stepping out of the drawing-room window, I sped across the garden and

mess, and who would ever have thought that he would have made such a fuss over the lodger? Oh! I ended with a gasp, for, turning a sharp corner, we had almost run into the arms of the paying guest himself!

"Biddy wants you up at the house, Molly," he said.

She caught his hand. "You'll help us, won't you, Reggie?"

"Indeed I will," he answered kindly. With a sigh of relief Molly set off running home, and we stood still, facing one another.

Then, "I'm sorry I said that," I whispered guiltily.

"Little girl," he said gently, "shall you be just a little sorry when I am gone?"

"When you are gone?" I repeated stupidly. "Oh, you are not going away!"

He said nothing for a moment, and an icy despair seemed to clutch at my heart.

"It depends entirely on you, for I—Nora, I love you!" And he clasped me suddenly and almost fiercely in his arms. "I loved you from the moment I saw your sweet face looking at me out of the window. I knew that that after all my travels over the world I had to come back to my own country to find the one perfect woman of my dreams.

"Your own country? Are you Irish, Reggie?" I ventured, looking up as well as I could under the circumstances. "Brown seems such an English name.

"I'm coming to that; but, Nora, do you love me, darling—even a little?"

"Love him? Why, I felt as if I must always have loved him.

"Nora, answer me," he pleaded; "you don't know what it means to me."

"Yes, I do love you," I whispered shyly.

Presently I repeated my former question. "Are you Irish, Reggie?"

"Yes, dear, and my name is not Brown, but Reginald Sinclair."

"What? Are you Viscount Gortson, the son of father's old friend?" I cried, in amazement.

"Yes; and, as perhaps you know, I was absent when my poor old dad died. On my return I came across a letter from your mother, written on her death-bed, in which she had ap-

pealed to him, as an old and once dear friend of the O'Moore's, to help her little girls in the sad and strange circumstances in which she would have to leave them. Your few relations had been estranged from your father years ago, and she explained very fully the state of his health, and how friendless and helpless her two young daughters would be. I wrote asking your father if he would put me up for a few days, but received no answer. Still, I came, determined to see what could be done for you."

"But what about my advertisement? I don't understand how you came as Mr. Brown," I said wonderingly.

"Ah! there is where I need your forgiveness, Nora, assure me. When I first arrived Biddy implored me to impersonate this paying guest whom you expected, in order to prevent your visiting him again. Your first letter, I fear, Larry forgot to post!"

"Oh!" I interrupted furiously. "Biddy told me," he continued teasingly, "that it was the only way in which the honor of the family could be saved! For if the twelve apostles themselves came down from heaven they'd not be apt to turn Miss Nora!"

"Oh!" I said again in a feeble voice. "You see, dear, I had to make up my mind very quickly, so—well, I agreed to be Mr. Brown for a short time, partly because I wanted to see for myself how the land lay, but chiefly because I had already seen you; and the thought flashed into my mind that if I could win you as plain Mr. Brown, the lodger, to whom you were under no obligation, it would be far sweeter than if I came to you as—myself. Can you forgive me, sweetheart?"

Well, I expect it was very weak of me, but I not only forgave him on the spot, but I also forgave Larry, and he is going to be our head keeper. Biddy fairly hugged me with joy when I told her that the lodger had said "the word." She intends to stay with "the old master," but Molly will live with us, and we've made up our minds that we'll never eat rabbit again as long as we live.



GALT'S MARKET BUILDING AND A PART OF THE MARKET SQUARE AT 1.30 A.M. ON MARKET DAY

The Making of a Town Market

By

Talbot Warren Torrance

THE evolution of a Town Market is never an entirely natural process, but always a matter of industry, perseverance and judgment. The plain, proven fact is that where there is a Good Market Town there can be created a Good Town Market, self-supporting, if not profit-earning, a boon to the community and a genuine source of satisfaction and of pride. And it does not matter if these Good Market Towns run in the proportion of half a dozen or more to each county, according as the county is big or little.

The Town of Galt is over half a century old, and since its incorporation it has been trying more or less

strenuously and sincerely to establish a first-class, dependable, "going-concern" of a public market, for which it boasts exceptional facilities, natural and artificial. Galt has that very kind of market to-day—the finishing touches of market success and assured permanency having, within about a year, been added to the structure erected on foundations laid good, deep and solid, literally and figuratively. And among the nine thousand and more inhabitants, there are very few to be found decrying its status, challenging its usefulness or predicting its decadence.

Facing a fifty-year undertaking might possibly frighten an average

Good Market Town from the notion of creating a Good Town Market.

But the case of Galt need not be deterrent, rather, it should be educative, encouraging, stimulative. If one community has blazed the way, another may expect to find the trail. I have frankly stated that Galt has virtually been on its market-making job for half a century. At the same time, I want to give the formula which the town has discovered, after all these years of experimentation, so that mutatis mutandis, pari passu, or other fitting phrase, any other Good Market Town can, as it were, take a wine-glassful three times a day after meals, shaking the bottle well, and be able to establish its own Good Town Market in the course, perhaps, of one short year.

First ingredient: The local public spirit that approves a market, wants to see one established and will loyally and steadily support it. If not existent—and it is easy to conceive of opposition to a town market, active and passive—employ educational methods. Hold a public meeting or two. Circulate market literature. Get the Town Council and the Board of Trade busy. Agitate, agitate, agitate! The popular "coon" simply has to agree to come down off the limb when he is dead certain you are going to shoot. The example of the Mayor of Galt in encouraging public sentiment towards market support is worthy of imitation. He endorsed market-making in his inaugural of two years ago. He has never lost an opportunity to talk market-making in his public addresses. He secured a considerable civic appropriation this year for advertising the market, and some of the money was spent in editorial and circular matter, aimed at convincing the townspeople that a Town Market is a good thing. It has taken a couple of years of straight work along these lines to spread such an atmosphere of local good-will to the

Galt market, that it is almost fat-tening now to breathe it. Everybody goes to the market in Galt. Everybody boasts of its size and consequence. Everybody, I had almost said, swears by it. At all events, everybody now stands up, after a deputation for "market pointers" visits the town, (as one now and then does), and proudly exclaims: "See that? didn't we tell you so?" And everybody, or pretty nearly everybody, is willing that later on, \$3,000 be spent in the work of enlarging and improving the present fine market building and premises, which have become somewhat inadequate for the large attendance of sellers and buyers every market day. This last-named proposition is, perhaps, the most signal and satisfying proof that the Galt Market has duly arrived, with all that the term implies. A look at the picture of Galt's present market accommodation will enable one better to appreciate the gratifying situation that calls, like little Oliver, for "more."

Second ingredient: The market square for vehicles and the market house for baskets. The Galt square covers an area of two large lots; is macadam-paved and top-dressed, with cement border, and effective gutter. It would give room on three sides for at least fifty farmers' wagons. The town hall, in the basement of which licensed butchers sell (no other meat, except pork purveyors being licensed within a radius of 300 yards of the market) adjoins the square, as do also the hay and wood area and the big weigh scales. There is a corner reserved on the square for auction sales. This fine square has been evolved, after some years at considerable expense. But it is an ideal open market place. The housed portion is a building, 270 x 40 feet, of brick, with verandah roof on one side. In it are movable tables extending the full length and apportioned in 3-foot spaces to the vendors. Some mar-

BEST IN THE DISTRICT GALT CHRISTMAS MARKET

TWO DAYS
WEDNESDAY DEC 22
FRIDAY DEC 24

THE BUYER IS WAITING FOR YOU
Open as well as Cash on the Square. Advance Cash on credit to select customers.

WANTED
Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Meats, Vegetables
COME ALONG. JOIN THE CROWD

ADVERTISING THE MARKET

A COPY OF A LARGER PICTURE ISSUED BY THE MARKET COMMITTEE AND BEFORE CREATION

ket gardeners and florists have pre-empted extra large spaces, which they rent by the year. The interior is warmed with gas stoves, lighted with electricity, provided with women's lavatory, and kept scrupulously neat and clean. Ventilation and admission of natural light is all that could be desired. The market clerk's office is in an end corner. No more satisfactory accommodation,

say those who enjoy it, is furnished by any other market in this district. Before the erection of the Carnegie building, the Public Library was located above the market. Now these fine quarters are occupied as a Club Room. The cost of this model market building may be stated approximately at \$20,000.

Third Ingredient: An operative and active market by-law. The Galt



THE MARKET COMMITTEE FRUSTRATED BY PLANS FOR A NEW BUILDING

market by-law has undergone many changes since, long years ago, it was framed. The effort to make each succeeding change fit into place and not drag the movement was perplexing and painful, not to say futile. Now, however, there is a workable market by-law, the provisions of which are called into use only so far as they are of practical service to help the market along. The Galt market by-law creates an open market, in so far as freedom of buying goes. The plan of prohibiting a peddler or dealer operating before ten o'clock a.m. on marketday has been abandoned. Now any buyer may come along and do what he likes with the stuff, at any hour, always provided that he shall not buy and corner and then proceed to sell on the market. The small buyer, the citizen, is protected to that extent. It is his own look-out if he comes late. There is also provision restricting the itinerant huckster, so that he may legally deliver only such goods as have been ordered, and prohibiting trucking from house to house. This trucking system has

long been the bane of the market-maker. There could not be a more complete way of dissuading a woman from attending market than to have the market, as represented by the huckster, come and wait on her. That style of selling has to be frowned down, talked down and turned down, because it is fatal to the market — until, of course, the good lady tastes the market and acquires the market-going habit. Then huckstering on back streets dies a natural death. But the process of cure must not be too drastic.

There are two market days provided for in Galt. Wednesdays and Saturdays. The "free-or-fee" market was for long years a bone of contention. And now — like the Scotchman, who declared: "Honesty's the best policy — I've tried both!" — the Town of Galt is ready to say the fee system is best, for it has given both a trial. But it is a merely nominal fee the by-law provides — 10 cents on the vehicle, 5 cents for the stand at the table, and all privileges, except smoking, inside the building, thrown in. The fees

are, after all, merely an earnest that the market is under the control and supervision of the Town; and yet they net a good, round sum every month. Fresh meat may not be offered, except by the quarter. Hams shall not be amputated at the foot. Poultry must be rightly dressed. Stands must not be shared with vendors who pay no fee. The fees for measuring and weighing are also purely nominal. The Market Clerk has absolute jurisdiction, and his finding in all cases is final. The by-law, on the whole, isn't oppressive or exacting, and, wisely administered, works smoothly. But such a market by-law can be made, and then enforced, as would rip up the back of any Good Town Market ever put on its feet. "Be careful with your framework and don't use any more of the fast tongue-and-groove stuff than you really have to!" is the sober counsel of Galt's expert market-makers.

Fourth Ingredient: — A market committee, that knows the situation and is always ready to meet it accommodatingly. The Galt market committee comprises some of the best and most experienced aldermen. In their work they don't go ambling all over the British Empire and pawing all over the British Constitution. The Galt market is field enough for them, and they are Market aldermen first, last and always. Chairman Radigan will frankly tell you that, if as a market produce-dealer the presence of a market hits him in the store, yet the indirect benefit to his business, not to speak of the fun he has, amply compensates. He and his colleagues know, because they study market needs, and their constant aim is to hold what the institution has and honestly get more. No Good Town Market, let it be insisted, can ever be built up and stay built unless back of it are experienced, active aldermen who, like Jim Bludso, "see their

duty, a dead sure thing, and go for it thar an' then."

Fifth Ingredient: An efficient market clerk. Charles Bart, Galt's market clerk, has filled the office for over five years past, with satisfaction to the council, with the approval of the public, and with credit to him. His duties are many, but they sit easily on his smiling, ruddy, retentive personality. He is always in good temper, and tries to keep everybody else on the market that way. He adjusts differences tactfully; he never commits a first offender; he is everybody's willing servant, and he collects every copper due the town in a style that almost makes the party assessed want to pay more. "Make friends for the market and the market will grow," he reasons. He is a real market missionary. Away out in distant quarters he discovers likely prospects and sends his circulars or pays a personal visit to induce a new vendor to come to Galt. He has been known to guarantee a fruit dealer at a long distance the sale of a wagon load of watermelons, and run the risk safely. The same with a butcher who lingered shivering on the brink in the late fall, and feared to launch away a few carcasses of spring lamb. "I'll buy every pound you don't sell," promised Charley — and he didn't have to spend a cent, the people were there ready to buy twice the amount of lamb that was offered. The kind of market clerk Mr. Chas. Bart, Galt, is was signally testified to at Christmas, when an appreciative address, accompanied by a handsome armchair, was presented to him by admiring friends from the surrounding countryside.

Sixth Ingredient: Make good roads of the main thoroughfares that are the arteries of countryside transportation. Galt spent, a few years ago, two thousand dollars on a portion of East Main St., leading to the great Stone Road, a stretch of

GALT MARKET

— IS THE —

**Best in these parts for
the Seller.**

BRING YOUR PRODUCE HERE

WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS

**The Buyer awaits you. He has
the Cash and Wants your Best.**

**Every Convenience and Comfort
in Vegetable Market Building
for All.**

**Galt Stores can supply you with
all your needs.**

ADVERTISING THE MARKET

A FULL COLUMN OF THE ENLARGED NUMBER ARE DEVOTED TO THE
THESE COULD THERE BE ANY OTHER MARKET TO GALT STORES

about half a mile. It has spent in proportion to that on West Main St., the extension of South Water St., the Blenheim Rd., the Preston Rd., St. Andrew's St., in fact on every highway that leads to the townships where the farms are and from whence come the farmers to make the Good Galt Market. The streets of central Galt are models. On forty miles of them are laid the best concrete walks that money and skill in labor can produce—which is another story, however. But it is the roadways—serving the suburbs that excite the keenest admiration. A very great deal of money (\$40,000 to \$50,000) has been expended in this direction, but not a dollar of it is re-

gretted. It's all coming back, in the most natural and pleasing way. The case of St. Andrew St. is typical of the resolute way in which topographical obstacles are surmounted in good road-making. It is a winding hill road. The pees for many years of recurrent spring and fall floods. The sum of \$5,000 has been laid out on it. It passed Government inspection, first flat, and now is in perfect shape.

Seventh Ingredient: A vigorous policy of advertising. Newspaper space has been regularly taken and paid for at current rates. It was editorial, apt, timely, strong. At intervals the publicity sheet, affectionately called a "dodger," because you can't dodge the boy properly delivering it, and the feuilleton in

the shape of a massive per mail, have been placed by the thousands, where they were likely to do some good in persuading (1) the farmer of this section that Galt is the right town to make his market town, and (2) in impressing on Galtians that a fine market offering was being spread for them twice a week, and that if they neglected to get some of it they were missing the chance of their lives. They were the proverbial "good stuff," they made excellent ammunition, and they helped to a large extent to create a healthy market boom. The immediate result of all this well-directed effort at profitable publicity has been to bring

the farmers, fruit-growers, poultrymen, and others of the food-producing class from points that were esteemed too remote to be tributary to this town. The newcomers came to experiment, and remained to trade, right straight along. From as far north as Wellesley; as far south as Ancaster and Grimsby; as far east as Stoney Creek; as far west as miles beyond Ayr, new names have been added to the list of regular vendor patrons of the Galt Market, within the past year or two. And the list is growing fast. It can't help growing; for, as one of the local papers observed, one day last June—the article is typical of the editorial contribution to the subject, following or preceding market day—"The Galt market is fast gaining the reputation of being one of the best in the country for produce of all kinds. Farmers and market gardeners sell out their butter, eggs and vegetables in short order, and at good prices, and the supply is scarcely ever equal to the demand. It is to the interest of both town and country people to boom the Galt market."

Eighth Ingredient: Evincing tangible interest in essentially agricultural institutions. This is done by

store keepers and citizens generally helping the Farmer Directors to make a success of the Annual Fall Fair by approving the combined Spring Seed Fair and stallion show, and subscribing to the prize-list; by building a joint-stock farmers' feed stable, independent of hotels whose licenses were cut off—to which may be added the holding of genuine bargain sales in the various stores at stated intervals, and thus bidding directly for the farming trade.

So, faithfully adhering to the foregoing formula, in the course of the past year or so a turn in the tide of Galt market affairs has set in and is leading on to the proverbial fortune. The good town market in the good market town is a fixture.

Why should not other good market towns, go and do likewise? One G. M. T. will never hurt, but rather help, another. The farmer and his wife will merely grow and trade more; the town family will buy and eat more. All through the operation will be verified the truth of the aphorism: "Supply creates demand"—You can't tell what and how much the public want till you show them what and how much you have to supply their wants."

If a man didn't have a good time at Christmas he wouldn't feel like making good resolutions at the New Year.—John Miller.



NC

THE DOCTOR'S BULL MOOSE

By HOY CRANSTON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THIS is the first time that I have ever written a sporting story, but I have read all sorts and conditions, from a possum hunt in the southern States to a speckled trout tale that originated on the wooded shores of Lake Nipigon; and I have an idea that I know how the thing should be done; consequently, I will endeavor to give you a plain, unvarnished account of a thrilling moose hunt that I participated in last October. I also wish you to bear in mind that this was not a meeting of "sports" to indulge in all-night poker in the backwoods under the pretext of shooting big game.

The well known and ubiquitous stork that visits the majority of our homes had so overworked the doctor, and impaired his health to such an extent, that when the "stork season" was over, I persuaded him to accompany me on a moose hunt to recuperate his shattered nerves, and enjoy the benefit of an outing in the woods. The doctor handed over his practice to a brother physician and borrowed four dogs from a hotelkeeper with the understanding that he would give "mime host" one of the moose heads when he returned. The night before we started on our shooting trip I went over to the doctor's house for the purpose of helping him overhaul his kit, and found him lying on his stomach on the surgery floor, snapping the trigger of his rifle, and taking practice aims at a bottle of cough-mixture

he had set up on a couple of medical books to represent an imaginary moose. While he continued the snapping, affirming each time he pulled the trigger, that his aim would have sent a bullet behind a moose's shoulder, his surgery bell rang and I was obliged to retire temporarily till he prescribed for a patient. In three days from the time the doctor treated this last case, we were at the terminus of the railway, where an Indian guide by the euphonious name of "Mike" met us with a rickety democrat and a long-haired bay horse that a green sportsman would easily have mistaken for a cow moose. The game warden confiscated our four hounds and threatened to send them back to the hotel-keeper, stating that it was against Canadian game laws to hunt moose with dogs. The hotel-keeper emphatically told us that hunting with dogs was legal or we never would have taken the animals with us. The game warden's manner plainly told us that a \$10 bill would square him; but we peddled ourselves on being thorough sportsmen, and not poachers, and the hounds went back much to the disgust of the warden, who got nasty and said something about us to Mike in Indian language, which he knew we didn't understand.

There was only one seat in the democrat, with scarcely room behind for the kit, and we were compelled to sit with the Indian. I don't know whether or not the doctor ever sat

near an Indian before, but he got into the democrat after I did, so that I would be between Mike and himself. After we had driven half a mile I didn't blame the doctor for sitting on the outside. In fact, I had more respect for him. When we had gone a mile I asked him if he had brought any compensatives' respirators in his kit. After we had journeyed two miles I got out and walked. So did the doctor when there was nothing between himself and Mike. We unanimously came to the conclusion that a little fresh air would be beneficial.

An occasional clatter of hoofs chattered boisterously on being alarmed, and fled to its hole beneath some stones; or a ruffled grouse rose and whirled away on fast-beating wings that made our hearts thump. "Hark," cried Mike, as he suddenly pulled up the horse, "we heard bull moose calling. Don't make noise."

I could hear the doctor's heart excitement and throbbing with anticipation.

"We're going to see game before we get to camp," I quietly remarked. "I told you so," he replied, looking at Mike, but keeping about twenty yards behind him.

"We think big bull moose on road round bend," said Mike. "All get into democrat and Mike drive up and meet moose. Moose not afraid of horse; but if moose see you walk, him run away."

We got into the conveyance again and Mike goaded the steaming animal onward by sawing its mouth and flap-

ping the ribbons on its hollow flanks.

"Shu, don't make noise," whispered Mike to the doctor, who nearly fell out of the conveyance in his endeavor to keep as far as possible from the savory Indian. Just as Mike finished his work of caution we turned a bend in the road, and the horse came to an abrupt standstill, thrust its ears forward, and snorted like a stampeding mule. The frantic animal then took a couple of back jumps in the air, and afterwards sat motionless on its haunches staring straight before it.

Like the chief character in an Irish wake. For about six seconds the horse remained temporarily hypnotized, during which time not a sound disturbed the stillness save a gentle rustling of the autumn leaves; then followed a loud wail from a gigantic bull moose that stood facing us not fifty yards away. I am positive his antlers measured eighty inches.

"You shoot first," I yelled to the doctor, who wasn't directly behind the pranc-

ing horse like myself.

"No, you fire first," he replied, trembling more than the horse that was making wild efforts to shake off its harness. I could see that the doctor had "stage fright," and was too nervous to commence firing; and I was in the act of pulling my trigger, when the comfounded horse swayed in front of my rifle and spoiled a good shot. Just as Mike jumped out of the democrat to pacify the horse, the enraged bull moose charged our caravan. There is



DISOBTED MIKE A SCATTERING MULE

no use trying to disguise the fact that both the doctor and I completely lost our heads for a few seconds. This was our first moose. Neither of us had ever shot anything larger than a wild turkey. I took a random shot, and yelled to the doctor to fire also. He blazed away just as the prancing horse kicked the dashboard to splinters; but the Balasclava charge of enraged moose flesh came thundering onward. Before I could fire again, we were enveloped in dust and variegated autumn leaves; and the huge mass of dark brown material collided with our outfit, and shot past. I will never forget the crash, which gave one an idea what a railway smash-up would sound like. When the dust cleared away, and the beautifully tinted leaves settled, there was a spectacle that no other moose-hunting party had ever witnessed, and one that I haven't any desire to see again. The doctor was dangling from the limb of a tree, with his tattered shirt hanging round his legs like a Highlander's kilt. The moose had carried away his trousers, and pulled them off as easily as a schoolboy disrobes a frog's hind legs. The horse was lying on the ground, with Mike sitting on its head trying to hold it down. But the Indian was wasting energy. The blood spouted from a hole in the animal's side, where the doctor's bullet had entered. I found myself lying between some twisted sprigs and the off front wheel of the democrat. One kit was strewn all along the road, save one pocket-case of medicines which the charging moose must have carried away on its antlers with the doctor's trousers.

"I told you that Mike would find moose," painfully remarked the doctor, while struggling to free himself as he twirled round in the air with his arms outstretched, and, "Didn't I kill the moose?" he added.

"You kill my horse," said Mike, "me want fifty dollar for him."

"We'll settle that after," affirmed the doctor. "Please wheel the democrat beneath me so that I can get down."

When he observed that the democrat wasn't wheelable, he instructed us to place the bedding beneath him and cut off the limb on which he hung. After a difficult climb, and five minutes' cutting, Mike severed the limb, which crashed down with the doctor, whose scratched legs I was obliged to bandage with the lining we tore out of our coats and vests.

"By the Deputy Minister of Agriculture!" yelled the doctor, "I'm done for. I'll swear my right thigh is dislocated, and that there's a compound fracture of my femur. Observe how my left leg hangs."

"You're only slightly scratched," I rejoined.

"Slightly," yelled the medical practitioner, as he took a gulp out of a brandy flask and limped toward Mike, who was still trying to stop the flow of blood from the poor horse's side by stuffing a piece of red handkerchief into the wound. But his efforts were futile, as the animal's eyes had blurred.

"Hark! There he is again," hissed the doctor, as we all distinctly heard sound of antlers striking against the tree limbs. We listened breathlessly, but could not see anything, though the noise of an animal crashing through the alders became louder and louder. I wouldn't swear to it in a police court, but I have a faint idea that I saw the doctor's cap rise about an inch on the ends of his hair as he dropped his rifle and brandy flask and rushed for the nearest tree; and the agile way that he got over the ground proved that his thigh wasn't out of joint, nor his femur fractured. Mike drew his hunting-knife and slipped behind a tree; while I preferred to climb one like the doctor. I hadn't been in my tree more than ten minutes when the furious bull moose charged us again. He bounded over the debris of democrat and sporting paraphernalia, lifted the dead horse on his powerful antlers, and carried its mangled body seventy yards along the road. Here he tossed the animal off, gored and trampled its carcass, then hurled it

into a cedar tree, through which it crashed to the ground with a sickening thud. The moose looked down the road again, sent forth a triumphant blast, then dashed into the thick alders and cedars and disappeared. How grand and powerful he looked after vanquishing the dead horse. His huge antlers swayed from side to side; the steam was rising from his flanks; and puffs of hoary breath were blown from his large dilated nostrils like spent steam from the exhaust-pipe of an engine making three hundred revolutions a minute.

"Get my rifle and shoot the brute," hissed the doctor to Mike, who failed to hear the remarks as he stealthily followed the great bull. The doctor looked from his secure perch across the road to me, and I looked from mine over to him. We were each ashamed of the other.

"I'll bet you ten dollars you're afraid to descend," said the doctor.

"I'll bet you the same," I replied.

"That won't do," he rejoined, "I bet first. But what's the use of descending? That Indian has got my rifle."

"He didn't take it," I answered. "Our rifles are lying near the smashed democrat."

"Then let them stay there," he replied. "Tell me honestly, Wade, did you shoot the horse, or did I?"

"Why, you shot it, Drake; and it's a miracle you didn't blow Mike's brains out, too."

"Hum," said the diagnoser of ailments that flesh is heir to. There was a short silence, then we both did what many other sportsmen have done before us; we lost our tempers, and began calling each other cowards and fearfully libellous things, till we descended simultaneously from our respective trees to try and prove that each had belied the other.

"We can't afford to quarrel here," said the doctor, seizing my hand in his and shaking it, and then making a dash for his rifle with his improvised kilt flapping round his swished legs.

"Are you game to follow up the

moose?" I asked, when I felt the secure grip of my own rifle.

"Yes, while my ammunition lasts," he rejoined. "Besides, I want those trousers, they've got a gurse in their hip pocket in which are four hundred and odd dollars." As the moose had not any of the doctor's trousers clinging to his antlers when he came back, we searched down the road and amongst the alders where he turned, but failed to find the pocketbook. We concluded to leave the road near the damaged democrat and follow up the moose's tracks. I told the doctor that we would also be following Mike, who might call us if he succeeded in overtaking the big deer.

"Is that likely?" he queried.

"It's possible."

The doctor looked a sight with his legs wrapped in coat and vest linings as we left the road and began tracking the moose. We hadn't gone far before we lost both ourselves and the tracks; but we courageously kept struggling through the underbrush and fallen timber. We had gone patiently on like this for two hours when the doctor suggested that we retrace our steps; but I asked him in which direction we should begin? He moped his moist brow, and looked disconcerted. I offered him a cigar, but he declined. He then suggested that we should fire a signal to Mike and wait where we were for half an hour. He fired, but Mike failed to turn up, and we trudged on again through even more difficult country than before. When we were crossing a small stream the doctor slipped on a damp moss-covered log, and went in up to the neck, rifle and all. With difficulty I got him on to the muddy bank, and it took us about twenty minutes to fish out his rifle with a branch having a crook left on the end to manoeuvre into the trigger-guard. It was a chilly October day, and the doctor's teeth soon began to chatter and his legs grow rickety, but we bravely tramped on, following the circuitous creek which sporting books affirm always lead somewhere. No man has ever



—TRYING TO STOP THE FLOW OF BLOOD—

doubted that a creek must naturally go to such a place. The doctor, who was a little ahead of me, suddenly came to a halt and cautiously peered over a fallen tree abstracting our way.

"Look, Wade, there's the moose resting on the ground."

We both sank quietly on to our knees, and looked over. Luck had come to us at last. About forty yards away the flanks of the moose could be seen through an opening in the red and yellow foliage. The doctor chanced first shot as he had made the discovery, and I reluctantly gave way. I held my breath as he rested the barrel of his rifle in the hollow in the tree, and fired three shots in rapid succession. I couldn't resist the temptation and bunged off two myself. But instead of waiting like a wise sportsman to ascertain if he had killed his quarry, the doctor foolishly rushed forward in a state of wild excitement, followed by myself, frantically urging him to wait.

"I got him this time," said the doctor, pointing towards the dark mass lying on the ground, but only partially visible through the trees.

"I'll toss you a quarter afterwards to see who gets the head," he shouted as he raced towards the dead moose. There was just a trace of cynicism in

his remark. (There is nothing like a sporting trip in the woods with a friend for disclosing little touches of human nature). When we got up to our quarry we discovered that it was as dead as the proverbial door-nail. We also made a further discovery. We had been wandering about the woods in a circle, and were not far from the place we had started from. Our five shots from the fallen tree had hit the le-lue's dead horse. The doctor scratched the bald spot on his cranium, but remained silent. I told him that the head was his without tossing the quarter. As he was a good fellow, and could take a joke, he burst out laughing. His laughter was contagious. "Don't say anything about me shooting a dead horse to the members of the Toronto Sporting Club," he pleaded. But I didn't promise. A good joke, like a secret, can't be kept.

"If you do, they'll laugh at you as well," he added, "you shot also." I was helping him wring out his coat when Mike came running back down the road. He informed us that the moose was mired in a swamp about three miles away, but that he was unable to get near enough to dispatch it with his hunting-knife. We had a tracer all round from the brandy flask, and started in hot pursuit; and at last got to the swamp; but we only saw a

place where the moose had fallen in and struggled out again. Mike looked disappointed, so did the doctor. I don't know how I looked, but I felt the same. After giving Mike another stiff horn of brandy, we followed the moose tracks through an alder wood. When we came to a ridge where the trees grew sparsely we all got another surprise. Not thirty yards away was the bull moose lying on the ground chewing its cud and contentedly wagging its long ears. The animal was covered with mud, but that didn't appear to concern it. Near him were two cow moose also enjoying a chew. The cows saw us first and disappeared in that mysterious way that only a moose is master of. It was like the vanishing of a ghost. The great bull struggled to his feet, snorted, sent two thrilling woufs at us, and charged for the third time, before we could collect our scattered nerves. I slipped behind a tree, advising the doctor to do likewise, but he didn't require prompting. I knew Mike had experience enough to take care of himself. The moose singled me out as its objective, and as he charged past the tree, making a sweep at me with the grandest pair of antlers I ever saw, I stepped aside, raised my rifle and fired behind his shoulder, but I didn't get a bull's eye, as the sun was shining directly in my eyes. My bullet ripped up the hide on his back, and went singing on its course. I looked for Mike, but he had vanished like the cows. He may have learned their secret. I waited for a report from the doctor's rifle, but it didn't come off. I yelled to him to keep under cover for fear of another charge. My advice was unnecessary. He was struggling to force his body into a hole in a decayed log. Finding it impossible to get all the way in he lashed himself out, and stood shaking with fear. I won't say that. It must have been with cold, brought on by his immersion in the creek. I told him that if the moose returned again he was to fire and then lie down close to the log on the side away from the charging animal, where he would

be safe. We hadn't long to wait. The easy manner in which the bull moose dispatched Mike's horse gave him increased determination to slaughter the whole hunting party. A crackling of branches and fallen leaves, and numerous woufs told us he was still on the war-path. We fired simultaneously as the enraged beast was tearing back at us at a pacer's gait. Taking an aim under such circumstances was quite a different thing from snapping at a bottle of cough mixture in a surgery. You could hear the thud of both our bullets, as they entered his flesh, but the furious, wounded monarch only momentarily wavered. His impetus carried him onward. I could have counted his eyelashes as he chased me three times round a tree, launching his whole body at me, with his pointed hoofs held together and sticking straight out. They would have gone through me like a spear. I dodged and he fell forward, driving his fore-legs up to his knees into the soft earth. Then I bolted towards the doctor, never expecting that I would reach him alive. At that particular moment I completely lost my wits. It can be done so easily. When I had got out of the way the doctor began a rapid fusillade, but all his shots were barking the distant trees. I yelled to him to take a fuller sight, and he told me to go to a place that I hope I shall never see. Partially recovering my senses, I dropped behind the log and aimed behind the moose's ear just as he succeeded in extricating his imprisoned legs. We could see that they were both broken and hanging lifeless from the knees down. A second time I fired behind his ear, and my bullet pierced a hole in the palmated part of his right antler. He discovered our whereabouts, rose on his hind legs like a gigantic kangaroo, and bounded towards us. We were certainly getting our money's worth.

"My last cartridge!" yelled the doctor, as he fired at the snorting animal's heart. The moose jumped high in the air, made a final lunge, and fell across the log as we crept on our hands and

knew further along it to avoid the beast's antlers and hoofs. I thrust the muzzle of my rifle against the struggling animal's shoulder and pulled the trigger. There was no report, as my rifle was empty.

Both the doctor and I were shaking like blanc manges, and the wounded moose was kicking out with its hind legs and trying to reach us with his gigantic antlers. But something always turns up in the nick of time when the cornered sportsman is in danger. In our case Mike was the "something." Poor Mike. He is now in

with the butt of my rifle, while the doctor in his excitement grasped one of its hind legs. He received a kick that sent him a dozen yards away. But the knife wound had done its work, and put the finishing touches to the doctor's capital shot through the heart. The lordly monarch gave one snort that seemed to shake even the clouds drifting overhead, and collapsed on the mangled remains of poor Mike. The doctor waited till we could breathe freely before we decided what to do with our guide's remains. We gently and reverently



"WE PLACED MIKE IN A PIECE OF THE MOOSE'S HIDE."

the happy hunting ground, where both won't trouble him any more than they did on this earth. Where he re-appeared from I haven't the faintest idea. I only know that he uttered a loud war whoop, rushed at the moose, and buried his hunting-knife up to the hilt behind its shoulder. While he did so he tripped and fell. The dying moose swung round his head and pinned him beneath his antlers and the log and began goring him to death. I rushed forward and struck the enraged animal on the ribs

placed the fragments of poor Mike in a piece of the moose's hide and secured the animal's gigantic head, which measured 84½ inches. My guess of 80 inches wasn't far wrong. While placing the last fragment of Mike in the piece of moose-hide, we found the doctor's pocketbook and bank bills tied up in the Indian's red handkerchief. We now knew why he had disappeared the first time. With melancholy thoughts, intermingled with those of victory, we retraced our way to the wrecked democrat. The doctor, after

THE DOCTOR'S BULL MOOSE

donning Mike's trousers, carried the moose head, while I shouldered Mike. It was much easier carrying him in concentrated form than if he had been intact. We made a sort of improvised combination cart and hearse out of the two wheels and what was left of the democrat, and started back for the distant railway station. When we handed his squaw and widow the moose skin full of her husband, she thought at first that we had presented her with a bag of newly-made pemmican and smiled her thanks. When she recognized Mike by his torn garments and shirt buttons, she sobbed hysterically for fully ten minutes on the doctor's shoulder, till a hundred dollars from each of us relieved her sorrow, and squared both the loss of her comradal felicity and the damaged democrat. She made us pay \$25 more for the dead horse, which seemed to cause her more grief than the loss of her husband. When we explained matters to the coroner, he decided that an inquest was not necessary, and didn't detain us.

It is not usually done in sporting articles, but I wish to state that the hair-breadth adventures which the doctor and I had with that big bull moose never really happened, because we decided at the railway terminus

to return with the dogs. The moose-head we took back with us and presented to the Toronto Sporting Club, we purchased from a half-bred two stations down the line. But such a tame narrative, compared with the one I have related, would not have pleased our club associates, who are always yearning to hear a thrilling sporting yarn. At the same time, if a sportsman isn't allowed a little poetic license, as it were, to improve and embellish uninteresting, matter-of-fact hunting trips, the clubs and sporting magazines would be robbed of one hundred per cent. of their best articles; and quite a number of famous sportsmen of the most of their reputations. I wonder how many moose-heads and big speckled trout were shot and hooked with a roll of bank bills, and secured for club houses and dining-rooms in the same way that the doctor and I got our trophy. I also

sometimes wonder if Mike's spirit still refrains from the bad habit of indulging in an occasional both.

But there wasn't any Mike at all. Yet if there had been, I'm certain he would have turned out to be just such a Mike as we carried home in fragments — I mean would have carried home to his heartbroken cash — appressed, widowed squaw, if such a squaw had ever existed.



"MIKE"

How to Attract a New Industry

Factors Governing the Location of a Factory
and the Keeping of a Located Factory

By William P. Fitzsimons

THE city or town desirous of attracting manufacturing should appreciate that the essential to the success of such enterprises are fourfold.

First—Power—fuel, water or electric; the cost of power being as low as it is possible to make it.

Second. — A supply of suitable labor, or ability to obtain it.

Third. — Ample transportation facilities.

Fourth. — Attractive living conditions. This covers residential features, rent, taxation, sanitary arrangements, religious and educational facilities and means for recreation.

The tendency to-day in the manufacturing world is towards the centralization of kindred industries because of the many economic advantages of such a policy; it facilitates the assembling of raw materials, enlarges the supply of skilled labor and establishes a purchasing centre. It is,

therefore, important that each municipality should have a business organization and through it make a close study of the advantages it possesses and determine what kinds of industries it is best adapted for. When this question is definitely settled, the business organization should carefully compile the data and have it printed in attractive form.

The secretary of the organization should get into close touch with the industrial department of the railroad serving the city or town and keep that department posted on the activities of the organization, on the openings for business enterprises, and supply the department with full particulars of such building sites, vacant factory buildings, flour mills or other structures as may be available.

It is frequently claimed that accessibility to raw materials and nearness to the most desirable markets is positively essential. This claim, of

course, is based on economic principles, but hundreds of concerns are to-day successfully operating at "unnatural" locations. It is true, that all things being equal, the point of location should be where the greatest saving in transportation charges can be effected, but this item does not enter into a manufacturing proposition to anywhere near the degree popularly supposed. Freight is hauled at astonishingly low charges when the almost numberless factors governing railroad transportation are closely studied. Inefficient labor, bad government, unattractive living conditions or insufficient water supply will do far more to cripple an industry than transportation charges.

The chief essentials to the establishment of successful manufacturing are:

- 1st—Local genius. (Inventiveness and industry).

- 2nd—Local enterprise. (Loyalty to local genius, including financial support).

- 3rd—Good management (without which the very best enterprise will fail).

- 4th—Push. (More push—push all the time).

A city or town should have a substantial industrial growth from within, and should not, like the "wall flow-

er," sit with folded hands waiting for some vigorous young industry to come to it; nor is artificial sustenance to new industries, in the shape of bonuses, usually productive of satisfactory results. It is of the greatest importance that the industries and other business enterprises now in operation receive fair treatment at home; that they be given all possible encouragement by the community to expand. If all the citizens are loyal in advancing their interests, then, provided the managements are progressive, keeping pace not only with the numerical growth of the country, but also creating a healthy home market, for their goods, they will expand beyond that growth and ultimately extend their sales to foreign countries. Besides effecting the enlargement of existing concerns, such a policy tends towards the establishment of new concerns, to manufacture at home, articles now brought in from distant places. Indifference, jealousy, labor troubles, and other forms of obstruction, affect not only the established concerns, but scare away persons seeking the most favorable location for new industries. In exact ratio to the unity, efficiency, care and enterprise exercised by all the elements of the city or town, will the local industrial development advance.

Team Work

The coach of a baseball team, a football team or a crew tries above everything else to promote among his men what is generally known as "team work." Team work means the kind of effort where every man is working with every other man in harmony and with a like determination to bring about the desired result, which is victory. One jarring element can destroy the effectiveness of a whole organization, however perfect it may otherwise be. Professional coaches know this, and they govern themselves accordingly. If it were not for the

importance of team work, a great deal of the training could be eliminated. The individual ability of each man would suffice. But no, it is the steady, persistent training—the working of man with man—that brings out the power and the quality. All this is the introduction and lead-up to one short but very important statement. No great or successful business can be built up without team work, with every man in the establishment playing on the team. If this is not the case, a professional coach is surely needed.

Every community possesses latent energy.

If a community is not progressing, its latent energy needs putting into action.

It is unworthy of any community to neglect its own resources and expect to profit by the activities of other centers.

Equally is it unworthy of any community to be lacking in appreciation of the value and importance to it of the home industries.



VOLUNTEER CORPS

Woman in War

By

Frederic W. Walker

THIS is an age in which the question of national defence has become paramount and of vital moment. No longer can it be pushed aside to make room for parochial matters, and amid this increased attention it would be strange if the women of Britain failed to interest themselves in the means by which our homes are to

be defended. Without entering into the political or material aspects of Home Defence it may be said at once that our women have entered into sympathy with things as they stand, and are nobly settling an example to the nation at large.

Personally, I have an idea that British women are, in the main, conscrip-

tionists, in the sense that they believe it the duty of every man to serve his country. This is a very general principle found in the minds of women, and were it not so things might be worse with us than they are. But this trend of mind does not interfere with support to current principles of organization, whether lacking in essentials or not, and so we find ladies identified with Home Defence work, and also nursing to an extent not previously noticeable.

Former generations have been stirred by the deeds of brave women, and historical instances are found in the chronicles of all countries. Perhaps the first record of organized work on behalf of the sick in the field was "The Queen's Hospital" of Isabella of Spain in 1843. The latest is our own beloved Queen's Imperial Military Nursing Service, with its Regular and Territorial branches. Among individuals it is recorded that a Duchess of Gordon filled the ranks of her clan regiment by the bribe of a kiss, whilst who shall say what limit there was to the influence which Florence Nightingale carried with her? But, so far as organized effort is concerned, the work of women has been hitherto restricted to professional nursing for the Regular Army, and to participation in the welfare of such bodies as the Red Cross Society and St. John's Ambulance Association and others. Nursing for Home Defence has only re-

cently come into the forefront of discussion, and it is the women who have forced it forward.

Many of them are unequal to "the strain of doing nothing," and so it is that we find a strong forceful movement in the shape of a Mounted Nurses' Corps. Whether its members should be quite militant is not a matter of much importance; what does matter is the fact that this corps is the outward and visible sign of a greater and broader movement which, carefully fostered by the Territorial

County Associations, will be of value when the hedgerows are filled with wounded.

A number of well-meaning gentlemen have suggested that the ladies should work and embroider or present colors for the Territorial Force as a useful method of patriotic endeavor. This is, of course, a good idea, but it is not broad enough to satisfy modern women. It would indeed be a pity if such a re-

stricted horizon were acceptable. Ladies can, of course, be extremely helpful in subscribing to the cost of colors, or in giving them, as (to name only two) in the case of the Duchess of Westminster to the 5th Cheshire and Lady Inverclyde to the 6th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. In this direction H. R. H. Princess Louise has shown a splendid lead, and among corps in which she is interested are the Dunbartonshire and other battalions of her own Highland regiment, Princess Louise's, and



(Photo: Miss Halton)



NURSES AT A MILITARY CHURCH PARADE

(Photo: Stevens, Public)

the 13th (Kensington) Battalion of the County of London Regiment.

The Territorial Army is permitted to possess colors under the provisions of the new army scheme if they bear the coat themselves. Pride in the possession of regimental colors is still great in the Regular Army, notwithstanding the fact that nowadays they are never taken into action; and there is every reason to suppose that the same feeling of pride exists among the non-regulars. Regimental colors cost something like £100, but that sum, divided among the women of a city or county area would work out at a very small sum per share, and purchased in that way would be more likely to stir local patriotism than if subscribed for by the wives and daughters of a few wealthy citizens. And even though a lady may not be a nurse, or subscribe to the regimental colors, it does not follow that the average

woman will have no demands made upon her patriotism.

In many cases it will be no small sacrifice on the part of women and children to take their summer holiday without the companionship of husband and father, who will be away at camp for two weeks' training. Yet it will be a sacrifice readily and cheerfully made, one may rest assured, and quite as valuable in the long run as a more direct display of patriotism.

An excellent scheme, which should be more widely known, has been put forward by Miss Dorothy Davis, a well-known worker in the patriotic cause. This lady's plan aims at concentrating the work of women in aid of a national scheme of general army training. Under it each woman should take charge of a parish, secure other women (not men) to support her, and see that every house or cottage in the village receives a personal call during

the week to urge general training for defence. Some of the methods suggested are as under:

Posters to be displayed in each shop, public house, schoolroom, and other prominent places.

Calling personally at each shop, schoolroom, etc.

Securing the support of the clergy of all denominations.

Distributing at each dwelling some kind of leaflet.

Getting local newspapers to insert notices.

Miss Davis also adds instructions as to how best to carry out open-air meetings. She urges that so far as need be deterred from undertaking this work owing to want of practice in speaking, as a brief and simple statement at headquarters which could be read clearly and distinctly. The essence of the scheme lies in an organized effort throughout the United Kingdom.

Miss Davis also gives suggestions as to sending out notices for "At Homes," where women are not able or willing to speak at open-air meetings. One woman should undertake the organization, assisted by a committee of three; one woman of local position and influence should come forward for each county as a County Organizer; each County Organizer should secure and appoint an organizer for each Petty Sessional Division; each Divisional Organizer should count the parishes in her division and distribute one Parish Organizer to each. Divisional Organizers should let their County Organizers know when they have either (a) parishes without speakers, or (b) speakers to spare. Woman's influence is so all-powerful in the home that this scheme deserves careful consideration. Such an organization would achieve more good than all the political rhetoric.

Noteworthy among the workers on behalf of the new Nursing Service for the Territorial Force is Miss Haldane, sister of the Secretary of State for War. Not only does this clever lady

work at organization, but she speaks in various centres on behalf of the official scheme. This new plan is, briefly, to divide up the United Kingdom into areas corresponding with the military commands. The work required of the Nursing Service is under the following heads: 1. First Aid and Transport Work. 2. Care of the Sick and Wounded in Hospital. 3. Convalescent Nursing.

In this work the aid of the Red Cross Society is being largely employed. This society has to undertake, among other things, the transport at home of the sick in war time, in co-operation with the Territorial Associations. The general work comprises the finding of nursing quarters and their equipment; maintenance of a trained personnel; and the staffing of rest stations for the sick as they come down from the front to the base hospitals. The general hospital forms an important item in the new home medical arrangements. First aid, temporary dressing, and rapid skilled aid sees the patient passed on to the general hospital for permanent treatment. For the purposes of a home war twenty-three of these hospitals will be established. In peace time they do not exist, but on mobilization for war in case of invasion the staff appointed comes together at twenty-three appointed places, where they receive the equipment necessary for the work. The buildings selected are public halls, schools, institutes and the like, and the towns chosen are as follows: Glasgow, Newcastle, Sheffield, Manchester, Leicester, Oxford, Cambridge, Plymouth, Leeds, Liverpool, Lincoln, Brighton, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Portsmouth, London, Edinburgh and Aberdeen.

London will have four hospitals and Glasgow two, whilst the remainder of the towns named will have one each. The hospitals will contain 500 beds each, and these 12,000 beds will need 2,800 members of a staff of women, as each hospital needs two matrons, thirty-six sisters and eighty-eight other nurses. An organizing matron, with

a "war" committee in each centre, is busy selecting qualified ladies, and these women will continue their ordinary civil duties until called up for war service. Each wears a silver badge to denote membership in the Territorial Nursing Service.

The peace work is voluntary, but, in war, army rates of payment will be given. The whole work is placed under a committee of unisons and sisters of great hospitals, and other ladies, with whom is the distinguished ex-matron-in-chief of the Regular Service, Miss Sidney Browne, R.N.C. The Queen is, of course, president.

At one time it was thought that the civil hospitals and the medical and nursing professions would, in some undefined way, respond to any war call at home, but a later conception of what a conflict in these islands would mean has shown that distress and sickness in the civil population would keep the civil establishments fully employed. Hence this effort to detach and train a nursing service for the needs of the Territorial Force, which might have under treatment as a first legacy of conflict as many as 15,000 cases.

In other countries the sphere of

woman in war has been placed on an organized footing long ago. In Japan, for example, the ladies of the Red Cross supervise the training of nurses, prepare bandages, and collect materials. They spread in a link along the lines of communication, and refresh and rest the wounded and sick as they travel from the firing line to permanent hospital. After that there is the care of the convalescent.

An advanced militant section of housewomen, as I have said, have an outlet in the Mounted Nurses' Corps, with which Lady Ernestine Hunt is connected, and which has been recruited in some smart work performed by "Sergeant Major" Baker and others. Recently this Women's First Aid and Veterinary Nursing Corps ministered at the Regent's Park Riding School for a mounted march round the western side of London. Some forty members formed the column, which was under the leadership of Lady Ernestine Hunt, who has the command.

All this work of women should have a good effect in killing insular prejudice and in forming a proper conception of defence as a duty and privilege of citizenship.

Make Believe

By E. Temple Thurston

From The Throne and Country

THE daffodils were in bloom in the Embankment Gardens below Charing Cross; the sparrows were house-hunting, or they were purring, in sudden, noisy flights through the bushes. On the paths children were playing with skipping-ropes—little girls with pale hair, tight-knotted in numberless plaits, secured at the end with thin fragments of cotton, in preparation for the service next morning in St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

It was a Saturday afternoon.

Almost every seat had its occupant. There were old men, looking out across the river as the trams thundered by, who mused with tired eyes upon times when the Embankment was a quieter spot than it is now. There were old women, resting for a moment or so with odd parcels under their arms, then passing on towards Villiers Street and the Strand; having come perhaps some distance out of the way in order to catch a glimpse of the flowers in the garden—their garden—the only garden beyond their window-sill that they knew. There were young women and young men, in company or alone—there were nurses with prams, wheeling pale-faced babies. Now and then a soldier in his tight-fitting trousers would pass by, with little peaked jacket, with brilliant stripes, clinking spurs, and perhaps a medal dangling on his breast—a gallant soldier, who flicked at his well-polished boots as he hurried on to keep his appointment with the fair lady of his heart. And many a nurse-

maid's eye would try to catch his as he went by; and many a little sigh would flutter in many a simple heart as he strode on, still clinking in the distance, through the gate, and vanished out of sight.

There was even a moment of wildness in the eyes of Emily Alpress, as she watched the last glint of the spurs, the last flick of the cane. The next instant, she was sitting sedately erect in her corner of the seat as a young man strolled up and, with a glance at her, took the opposite corner.

He leant back, crossing his legs with the ease of one who is accustomed to leisure. He gave a little hitch to his trousers from the knee; it saved them from bagging—incidentally, it gave better display to a pair of violet-colored socks which matched the tie he was wearing, his shirt, and the handkerchief obviously concealed within the sleeve. There was even a bunch of violets in his coat.

While he was settling himself, Emily had the opportunity for one glimpse—the briefest. Then she arranged herself more comfortably in her corner of the seat. Undoubtedly he was a gentleman.

By means of a series of quick glances, escaping observation, which, if you are a woman, you know so well how to do, Emily noticed him take out a cigarette case. It looked as though it might be gold; and if the sun is shining on a Saturday afternoon in April and there be but the faint of romance in your nature, you will give



Photo. Hulton-Ed. Ltd. (N. 101)

NURSES AS TERRITORIAL ENLISTING CANDIDATES

these matters the benefit of the doubt she felt sure it was gold. He hesitated—glanced in her direction, to find her gazing after the top of a passing tram—then he opened the case. He hesitated once more—glanced again in her direction to find her looking pensively at the point of her shoe—then he took out a cigarette.

"Would you have any violent objection if I smoked?" he asked.

She coughed, to make her voice sound nice and clear.

"Not at all," she replied, and for one moment, she gave her eyes fully to his. He had nice grey eyes. Of course, he was a gentleman. The way he had asked her—had she any violent objection—violent objection was just what a gentleman would say. "Please smoke," she added. "I like the aroma of tobacco."

Mr. Simpson lit his cigarette. Who would have thought to run across a lady sitting on a seat in Charing Cross Gardens! That was quite a nice phrase—the aroma of tobacco. He determined to make use of it himself in future.

"The daffodils are luxuriant, aren't they?" he ventured presently.

Emily awoke from a reverie of wondering what he was going to say next.

"Glorious! Such a wonderful harmony of color."

In a few minutes they had overcome these formalities.

Mr. Simpson had leant his arm over the back of the seat and drawn imperceptibly nearer to her. They were becoming friends. Both knew it; both felt that indescribable thrill of interest as when, opening the door of his house, a stranger says to you, "This is where I live."

"Do you come to the Gardens often?" Mr. Simpson asked presently.

"Not often—Saturday afternoons occasionally. The people you find here then are quite interesting."

"Mostly out of shops," said Mr. Simpson, with a faint note of contempt.

"I suppose they are really," replied Emily, and as though she refused to have her illusions spoilt, she added, "I don't think I find them any the less interesting because of that."

He looked at her with admiration. "You're like me," he said. "You're broad-minded. One person's as good as another in my eyes. I'm by way of being a Socialist."

"A Socialist?" She lifted her eyebrows.

"Yes—I believe in everyone dividing their incomes—everyone being equal—everyone making the same amount of money."

"It would be nice," assented Emily. "I don't think I should like that though," she added quickly. "Oh, no! Surely not! Why, one's servant would be as good as one's self."

"Yes—I hadn't thought of that," said Mr. Simpson. "I hadn't thought of that. That would be awkward. Still, one would always know the difference."

"I suppose you would," she agreed. "At first you would, of course. Do you live in London?"

"I've rooms in town," said he, taking out that gold cigarette-case once more and extracting another cigarette. "But my place is up in—Norfolk."

Emily cast her imagination into the country—the country as it was then—the blackthorn in blossom, heaping the white of snow in the pale green hedgers; the birds building; blackbirds, deep-throated, making sudden chattering flights from the undergrowth; a thrush on the tree-top singing with swelling breast to the sunset.

"I get very little opportunity of seeing the country," she said; "far too little. I idolize the country. No—what little time I have to spare, I generally go abroad."

He nodded his head casually. It was the thing to do, of course—to go abroad—it was the thing to do.

"Where do you go as a rule?" he enquired.

Emily shrugged her shoulders. There were so many places—abroad

was such a comprehensive term. "I like Paris, very much," she said, "and Boulogne."

"Charming place, Boulogne," said he with feeling.

"Oh, quite," she replied. "You know it, of course. I do so like to have French spoken all round me—don't you—there's something—I don't quite know what about it."

"That's funny—we think very much alike," he said, with a smile of admiration into her eyes. "I feel that, too. You speak French, of course?"

"Oh—oui—oui," said Emily, and she shrugged her shoulders. She had pretty shoulders. To say that she knew it is no disparagement of the woman. The woman who does not know her beauties is a fool—God forgive me for applying such an epithet to the sex; the only mitigation possible is to say I have never met one.

"And where do you live when you're in town?" continued Mr. Simpson presently.

"I've a pretty little house in Kensington," said Emily. "Quite small, of course. But it's the only part of London to live in."

"For a woman undoubtedly," said Mr. Simpson. "My chambers are—just off Piccadilly. But if you're ever up in Suffolk—Norfolk, I mean—I shall be delighted if you will look me up."

"Charmed, I'm sure," said Emily. "Where is it?"

"Near Norwich—not far from Norwich—about six miles or so. Takes me about—well, about ten minutes or so in the motor."

"Oh, you have a motor?"

"Yes. A—a—what's the name of it?—a Panhard."

"Of course, that's lovely," said Emily quietly. "One of these days, I think I must get one. Oh, certainly; I shall be delighted to come and see you."

"Simpson is my name—Simpson—I'm sorry I haven't got a card with me." He laughed. "Scarcely thought I should want one coming here this afternoon."

"Quite so," said Emily; "of course." She rose reluctantly to her feet. "Well—I'm afraid I must say goodbye now, Mr. Simpson. It's been very pleasant meeting you. I hope we shall see each other again."

He rose quickly, gallantly, from his seat.

"It's always a pleasure to meet a lady," said he, holding out his hand.

She smiled gratefully at his recognition in such a place of her good breeding. She took his hand and, when she felt the slight pressure on her own, she returned it, letting her eyes just fall in delicate submission.

"Are you likely to be this way again?" he inquired, encouraged by her responsive humor.

She smiled. "Oh—I don't know. It's not a place I usually come to, of course. I may be here next Saturday afternoon—if you like, I will."

"Same time?" he said eagerly.

"The same time—certainly." "Well—I was going up to my place in Norfolk next week-end. But I'll stay in town, of you're sure to be here."

"Why, of course," said Emily, and she smiled so graciously when she left him that his heart beat a lively tattoo as he sat back again in his seat.

He followed her rapturously with his eyes as she walked down the path towards the bandstand and Villiers Street. There are certain ways of telling a lady, even when you know nothing about her living in Kensington and spending her spare time abroad—one of the most reliable is the way she holds her dress. Mr. Simpson could see at a glance, by the way Emily held her skirt, that she was not the ordinary frequenter of Charing Cross Gardens. She had a nice ankle, too—and what was that? A ladder in her stocking! For a moment his heart faltered. But, of course, what did that prove? If she were not a lady, she would be over-particular about such little details of her garments, fearing that they might disclose her want of breeding. With

a real lady, such things need not be considered—out to the extent of a ladder in her stocking. Stockings do not make a lady—sometimes they become her, but that is entirely another matter and need not be mentioned here.

But whether there were a ladder in her stocking or not, she was coming there to the Gardens to meet him next Saturday afternoon. Possibly she would consent to have tea with him. That was scarcely outside the province of a lady. Ten minutes later, Mr. Simpson rose from his seat, his whole mind steeped in the possibilities of romance.

It was a Wednesday—mid-day—and the little restaurants in the Strand—the cafes, the tea-shops, and eating houses were beginning to fill up with their regular customers at lunch-time. As the clocks struck one, Mr. Simpson, leaning familiarly on the arms of two friends, entered from a haier's shop into the street. It was an attractive-looking shop, the windows crowded with brightly-colored garments of underwear, festooned with ties of every conceivable shade and texture. It is quite possible he may have been purchasing a dainty colored shirt and socks to match.

On the previous Saturday afternoon, his attire had been faultless. Perhaps it was not quite so immaculate on this occasion. The clothes he wore were not so new—they had fitted well once. There was really not much to be said against them now. Otherwise his appearance was just as gentlemanly. His tie had evidently been bought to suit his shirt—his socks as well. One missed the handkerchief in the sleeve; but that was nothing. He wore his gold signet ring, cut with his crest—a swan riding upon flames. Only a person very meticulous would have noticed any difference in the morning in the Strand.

"Well, where do we go?" he said to his friends.

Mr. Harper suggested one place for lunch, Mr. Lonsdale another.

"I'm going to try an A.B.C.," said Mr. Simpson, and he said it in all simplicity. When a man has a place in the country and a motor-car that can take him over six miles in the space of ten minutes, it is quite an unaffected taste to prefer an A.B.C. where he may eat his lunch.

To the A.B.C., accordingly, they went and on the way Mr. Simpson unburdened to their attentive ears the little story of his romance in Charing Cross Gardens. He was finishing it as they entered the shop and descended the stairs to the gentleman's smoking-room.

"I shall probably call on her in Kensington," he said, and the last word withered on his lips.

In a white cap and apron—set prettily, no doubt, upon her dainty head of hair—was his lady of Charing Cross, engaged in pouring Bovril into a cup at the counter. He hurried by with his friends, taking a seat at a table in a far corner of the room.

From that moment he scarcely spoke to them, complaining of a headache—any excuse that might gain him the liberty of the thoughts that were gyrating wildly in his brain. She had told him a whole tissue of falsehoods! She had deceived him! She was not a lady! Only a girl in an A.B.C. Lived in Kensington! More probably it was Clapham—a bed sitting-room at seven shillings a week! But she was pretty—undeniably, she was pretty. He suddenly thought of the ladder in the stocking. Of course, really, that was characteristic of a girl in an A.B.C. shop.

He watched her as she departed from the counter with her tray of cups and plates. She was coming in their direction. That was Fate that he had chosen one of her tables.

When she saw him, the whole tray trembled in her hands. She almost dropped it then on the floor at her feet. Even the next moment as she

stepped herself, it clattered down on to the nearest table she could find.

When she had delivered the various dishes to their respective owners, she came hesitatingly to their table, swinging the empty tray nervously in her hand.

"You look nice and fresh this morning, miss," said Mr. Harper. Emily took out her order sheet, wetted the tip of her pencil and waited, saying nothing.

"I'll have a poached egg on toast, miss," continued Mr. Harper, unconscious of the dignity of her silence.

"You always have 'em poached," said Mr. Lonsdale.

"That's just as a check—know what you're eating—and a cup of coffee, miss—plenty of milk—if you please. Some of the staff that's seen a cow for preference."

"As distinguished from that which comes out of the chalk pit," added Mr. Lonsdale. They relaxed into a paroxysm of laughter, of which neither Mr. Simpson nor Emily took any notice.

Mr. Simpson, in fact, took out his cigarette case and lit a cigarette.

Then Mr. Lonsdale gave his order. While this was proceeding, Mr. Harper leaned across the table to his friend.

"You sold the old gentleman his half-dozen pair of pants, didn't you?" he asked. His eyes caught the expression on Emily's face. "Excuse my

language, miss—it's just a little bit of business—pretend you didn't hear." He looked back to Mr. Simpson. "I saw you leaning over the counter, slinging him right into your confidence. That's the only way to do it. What I always say is, trade's a confidence trick—nothing more, nothing less."

Mr. Simpson said nothing. He just closed his cigarette-case with a snap.

"That's a nice case you've got, Bertie," said Mr. Lonsdale, looking round at the noise. "Three and six, aren't they? I'm going to get one. Give us a cigarette."

Mr. Simpson's eyes tried to meet Emily's as he gave her his order. It was quite impossible. Hers clung to the little block of order papers—his lowered to the table.

When lunch was over and they rose with their bills in their hands to depart, Mr. Simpson allowed them to reach the top of the stairs, then he suddenly remembered that he had left something behind him. He told them they need not wait.

At the foot of the stairs he met Emily. He lifted his hat—just as he had done in Charing Cross Gardens.

"I beg your pardon," said he in an undertone. "Does it make any difference?" Will you be there on Saturday?"

"If you can find somebody to introduce us," she replied, lifting her eyes. And then she smiled.

Half the world's unhappy, because it can't be known, and the other half is miserable because it can't help being known.—*John Lubbock*.



BROWNIE CASTLE
RESIDENCE OF PALMER COX AT GRANBY, QUEBEC

Palmer Cox of Brownie Fame

By

C. D. Chown

two's enjoyment of the delightful scenery and bracing air of his former home. This winter, for private reasons, he has remained in Granby, and chancing to be in the town recently, I was fortunate enough to be

granted the privilege of an interview. I found the author-artist hard at work in his study, a room adjoining his studio, which, to secure the best light possible, is situated in the upper part of the tower, shown in the illustration. He was busily engaged putting the finishing touches to a series of sketches to accompany his latest Brownie story for St. Nicholas magazine. Affable in the extreme, Mr. Cox was not at all averse to relating the story of his life and telling how he began to write the adventures of the Brownies.

Palmer Cox was born in Granby on April 28th, 1840, and at an early age developed astonishing skill with pen and pencil. The caricatures which he produced at school were so telling that as a punishment he was often



PALMER COX
AUTHOR AND ILLUSTRATOR OF THE BROWNIE STORIES

made to stand on the schoolroom floor, exposing his work on his slate.

When seventeen years of age he went to the Eastern States, but in a short time removed to Lockport, Ontario. Then, attracted by the gold-mining boom in California, he went west. It was there that he discovered where his talent really lay and he began writing articles for the western papers and illustrating them as opportunity offered. Gradually he found his writing taking a secondary place

to his drawing, but as California did not offer much encouragement to him in those days, he decided to return to the east, where he had already formed some favorable connections with New York publications.

The year 1878 found him in New York devoting his whole time to literary and illustrative work for the comic papers. By chance his work brought him into touch with a German firm, who called his attention to the tales written in Germany for children,

THE Town of Granby, Quebec, possesses several claims to distinction. Not least of these must be reckoned the fact that it is the birthplace and the home, for a great part of the year, of a man, who has contributed vastly to the enjoyment of countless children, young and old, during the past thirty years. While the success of most men, even of writers, is reckoned in dollars and cents, that of Palmer Cox must be summed up in the clean, wholesome pleasure he has given, wherever his Brownie stories have been circulated.

On the highest spot in town, near its boundary line, and adjoining the open country, stands Brownie Castle, the residence of Mr. Cox, when he finds time to spare for a month or

being him that they discerned in his comic stories indications of his ability to write interesting children's stories. He accordingly prepared a clean, wholesome tale, that would bear the inspection of mothers, illustrated it, and submitted it to the editor of *St. Nicholas*; then, as now, a young people's magazine. It was promptly accepted and immediate arrangements were made with him for other stories of similar lines.

Each of these stories had a separate identity, but in time Mr. Cox conceived the idea of originating some character which would be the central figure of a series. Memories of his boyhood days recalled the tales he had heard from his Scotch-Canadian neighbors of the Brownie legends, and in these mythical little people he felt he had just the kind of material he wanted. He set to work to ransack encyclopedias and books of reference in pursuit of information about the traditions surrounding the Brownies. He found that they were small male spirits similar to the fairies, and that they were the reverse of the old English gnomes, being kind and careful little fellows, delighting in performing acts of kindness for the farmer and his wife. All that was needed to keep in their good graces was to leave in a convenient place a bowl of cream or home-made malt. Their name was

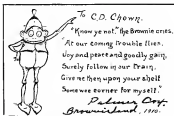
derived from the way their skin was tanned brown by the sun.

In the first series of Mr. Cox's Brownie stories, the Brownies were represented as being all alike, going around in bands. Later on, they were introduced, one by one, separate characters, like the Duke, the Policeman, the Soldier, the Irishman, until there were forty-two different Brownies, each one of whom was separately copyrighted by the artist.

Naturally, Mr. Cox is intensely fond of children. Wherever he goes he quickly makes friends with the young folk in his neighborhood, romps with them and arranges their games. One of his favorite pastimes is to produce a Brownie play, in which his friends, the children, take the parts of the Brownies.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Cox derives quite a handsome income from royalties received from manufacturers for the use of the word Brownie on cameras, carpets, calico, pins and on the stage.

As I bade farewell to the tall, kind, jovial Brownie man and came away from his castle on the hill, I felt what a splendid achievement it was for any man to spend his days diffusing around him such a wealth of pleasant fancies and creating so much happiness in the world. Surely his name will go down to posterity as blessed.



WITTENBERG AND ATTORNEY

Important Articles of the Month

A Commonwealth Ruled by Farmers

Frederic C. Howe's third study of industrial democracy in Europe, appearing in the Outlook, deals with Denmark, which, he declares, to be a state in which the people really rule and in which they rule in the interest of a larger percentage of the people than in any other country, except possibly Switzerland.

The Danish peasant is the direct antithesis of the English peasant who wants to be ruled by a lord. The peasant in Denmark wants to be ruled by a peasant like himself. Nor does he in least his Government to members from the cities, to the lawyers, or to the large landowners. Denmark is a republic of Copenhagen, its largest city. Denmark distrusts the lawyers and the land-owning aristocracy is only permitted to protect Copenhagen does not like the rule of the peasants. The peasant official seems to be admired of it, and the King enforces himself hardly to accept and national functions with the most shadowy powers and with practically no influence on legislation.

The State of Denmark is a peasant democracy. Its ruling class is the small farmer somewhere from forty to sixty acres of land, and with an outlook on life that is exclusively agricultural. The present Minister of Agriculture was a workman whose business was that of thatching roofs. Three or four other members of the ministry are small farmers, while all of the Cabinet owe their position to the peasant majority.

Mr. Howe finds the cause of Denmark's well-being to lie in a large extent in the fact that the people own the land.

There is very little tenancy in Denmark. Over 80 per cent of the farmers own their farms. They work their own

holdings. Only about 11 per cent are tenants. In America the percentage of farm ownership is very much less. In 1900 only 64.7 per cent of our farmers owned their farms. More than one-third were already tenants. And ownership in Denmark is widely distributed. According to the latest published statistics, the land is divided as follows:

Size of farms	Number of farms	Total number of acres in the class
Less than 1½ acres	68,000	35,000
From 1½ to 13½ acres	63,600	430,000
From 13½ to 40 acres	14,600	1,150,000
From 40 to 150 acres	61,400	5,900,000
From 150 to 650 acres	8,600	2,100,000
More than 650 acres	831	1,150,000

The total number of farms is 250,000, with a cultivated area of over 10 million acres. The very large farms are survivals of the old feudal estates. They comprise about one-tenth of the total agricultural area. These estates are not worked on the tenant basis, but by hired labor, which, by reason of the ease with which the peasants secure land, is difficult to obtain. In consequence the landlords import foreign laborers from Poland, who work on the estates during the summer months and return home during the winter.

Intensive cultivation has made the Dane the most successful farmer in the world, and his farm the most productive.

The Dane has made his land a dairy farm; Denmark is cultivated like a market garden. The chief products are butter, eggs, bacon, poultry, and fine stock. A generation ago, like the farmers of England, the Dane was threatened with extinction by the wheat fields

of America, Russia, and the Argentine Republic. But he did not throw up his hands, as did the English landowner, and convert his land into pasture fields. Neither did he go to Parliament, as did the great estate owners of former years, and demand a protective tariff. The Danish peasant is self-reliant. And he is a successful free-trader. He looked about for other markets. He found that Iceland was buying his butter, eggs, and hams from Ireland. He sent a commission to that country to ascertain how Iceland produced these things. Then Parliament and the people of Iceland converted Denmark into a market garden. That was only a quarter of a century ago. Since the Danes were producing better hams, better butter, better eggs, than the Irish. Within the last few years no less than half special commissioners have been to Denmark from Ireland and Scotland to find out how it is done. For the Danes have captured the Irish market, and they have done it by improving upon Irish methods.

Denmark is now exporting to Germany, to England, to South America, and even to the Philippines.

The Danish farmer is an expert and a student. He studies his products and his markets. Besides this, he is assisted by the co-operative societies, which have attained a wonderful development in Denmark.

The co-operative movement began with dairying. Up to about 1850 each farmer sold his own milk. It was very costly and there was no uniformity in the product. About that time a new device was invented for butter-making. A number of farmers got together and purchased one of the machines. Its success was immediate. Other villages followed. Today there are 1,687 co-operative dairies with a membership of 181,000 farmers. There are also 340 other private dairies. Nearly 95 per cent. of the farmers are members of the co-operative dairies, which thus create one million dollars' worth of better-a-week to Finland. Then the farmers began to use skim milk for feeding their hogs. The ham business became a by-product. Then there occurred co-operative slaughterhouses, which are located in districts. There are now 94 of these co-operative slaughterhouses, with a membership of 50,000 and an annual business of 1,148,000 hogs.

The Danish Co-operative Egg Export Society was the next organization. It was organized in 1899. It now has 51,000 members. The eggs are collected

and stamped each day in a local circle. Then they are sent to larger circles for export. In 1908 the export egg business amounted to \$6,696,000. Danish eggs bring fancy prices. For they are always fresh. They are better packed than any others, and are carefully graded. By these means the Dane has more than doubled the price which he receives for his butter. He saves the profits which formerly went to the jobber. The same is true of hams and eggs.

Some years ago there was formed in London a trust to control the bacon industry. It fixed the price to the farmer and the price to the consumer as well. This spelled disaster to the Danish farmer. But he met this danger as he had his former difficulties, by co-operation. He formed a selling agency of his own. The Danish Bacon Company of London not only destroyed the trust, it insured to the Danish farmer a secure market for his produce. Thus the farmer gets all that his labor produces. He is not deplored by watchmen, by railway or other monopoly charges. He gets the full value of his product in dividends at the end of the year, the profits refunded to him in measure by the amount of his output.

The peasant is also his own banker. There are 546 co-operative savings banks in the country. Here the farmer places his savings. Here he gets when he wants a loan. The deposits in 1904 amounted to \$205,500,000, and the number of depositors to 1,323,040 (over half of the population), with an average deposit of \$154. Now the peasant is talking of organizing a great central bank for the whole country, which will include all of the co-operative societies and all of the labor unions as well.

But the co-operative story does not end here. The farmer does his own buying at wholesale. Through these purchasing societies he buys food for his cattle. Almost everything that he consumes comes to him at cost. It is purchased by central agencies made up from representatives of local societies. The goods are then distributed to the stores, one of which is to be found in every village. Thus he gets his agricultural implements. Thus he buys his food and all his supplies. He saves the profits of the jobber and the retailer for himself. The turnover of the purchasing societies in 1907 was \$17,500,000.

Some interesting details are supplied by Mr. Howe as to education.

As before stated, there is no illiteracy in Denmark. School attendance is compulsory up to the age of fourteen. This is usually followed by a period of from

three to four years when the children work on the farms. Above the elementary schools are the high schools. They are privately organized, but practically all of them receive aid from the State. The courses are of five months' duration. The boys attend in the winter and the girls in the summer. The tuition is small and the students live in the schools. The schools are very effective, and there is no necessary uniformity in the courses. And there are no examinations. All of them emphasize history, especially Danish history. Literature is taught, as well as bookkeeping, book-keeping, and everything of value on the farm. There are forty-two of such schools in the country. They are, in a sense, patriotic institutions. They cannot be compared to the American high school or the German gymnasium. They are an indigenous product.

Along with these high schools are the agricultural colleges, of which there are twenty-one. They give a very thorough course in all of the things that relate to Danish agriculture. They also are aided by the State.

It is through these high schools and agricultural colleges that the Dane is educated. There are over six thousand students in attendance. The boys are trained in agricultural chemistry, in stock-breeding, in seeds, in the management of co-operative establishments. In addition, an immense amount of what might be termed extension work is going on all of the time. There are lectures and circle work. Extension agents are made to Copenhagen and elsewhere, while the co-operative societies have special text-books for the use of the farmers. The papers and the magazines are universally read, and both political and agricultural meetings are being held.

Mr. Howe concludes his article with some deductions. What, he asks, does

this experiment station in democracy teach?

In the first place, it demonstrates the controlling influence of a system of land-ownership on the life of a people. Denmark is democratic, enlightened, and self-governed because the great bulk of the people have an interest in the soil. France, Holland, and Switzerland have the same thing. It shows, too, that poverty can be reduced to a minimum and the well-being of all the people promoted by State aid and co-operation. Even wages on the city are determined by the agricultural situation. The man with which men live on the farm and acquire belongings of their own compels the employer to compete with the land for his labor. The next question that lies at the root of the wages question.

Further than this, the Danish farmer appreciates that he is a consumer as well as a producer. He has learned that his success in agriculture is the result of his own efforts. It is not due to any bounty or subsidy from the State. He is not fooled into any belief in protection. He is a free-trader. He buys where he will in the cheapest market, and the cost of living is much below what it is in America. He is not affected by trusts or monopolies. There is sufficient competition in the world which seeks him out to enable him to pick and choose, and he is able to get the best that the world offers and at his own price.

Next, too, may be seen voluntary co-operation at its best. The farmer gets all that he produces. And by education and the aid of the State he has increased the productivity of his labor. Switzerland, Germany, and the little State of Denmark show that the old philosophy of individualism has broken down, and that there are many activities in the State itself and many means in order to protect the people and promote their common welfare.

How the King and Queen Spend Sunday

An entertaining little account of how their Majesties spend the Sabbath day appears in M.A.P. The writer says that both the King and Queen prefer to be at Sandringham on Sunday, but they are seldom able to do this; it is doubtful if they spend more than a dozen Sundays in the year there.

Sunday at Sandringham is observed by their Majesties as it is in many country

houses, but perhaps the King and Queen spend the Sabbath more in accordance with traditional English ideas than others.

Among the Sunday guests at Sandringham is frequently some well-known cleric who comes to preside at morning service in the quiet, homely little chapel where so many crowned heads and other distinguished persons have worshipped.

Their Majesties always make a point of joining their guests at breakfast on Sunday when at Sandringham, which,

on ordinary occasions, is served to the Sovereign and his Consort in their private apartments.

A routine of Sunday at Sandringham is the assembly of the whole household party that takes place in the great hall, a quarter of an hour before church time. Their Majesties join the gathering and chat to their guests until it is time to set out for church. The King and Queen, with any other members of the Royal Family that may be present, lead the way, and are followed by the rest.

After church comes lunch, to which some of the residents near Sandringham are often bidden; it is a most unceremonious meal, unless the party is a very large one, all set at one long table, the Queen at the head and his Majesty at the foot. After lunch the Queen takes some of the guests to inspect the doves and other of her pets at Sandringham, whilst the King may go for a stroll round the home park with a few of his friends, accompanied very often by his. He, the agent for the Sandringham estate, with whom his Majesty will sometimes take afternoon tea.

The hours between tea and dinner time are usually spent by the Queen in her private drawing-room, where she writes letters to the immediate members of the Royal Family. One of those is always to Prince Edward.

As far as possible, affairs of State are not allowed to interfere with the calm of Sunday at Sandringham; the dispatches for the King are, as a matter of fact, sent down to Sandringham twice a day on Sunday, which are read by a secretary, but they are not dealt with or brought under the King's notice unless they are of an especially urgent character. Sometimes, however, a King's messenger arrives with a special dispatch requiring immediate attention, and then, for perhaps half an hour or so, his Majesty has to devote himself to affairs of State.

When the Court is at Buckingham Palace the normal regime of affairs is quite altered on Sundays.

The members of the household live as usual on Sunday, and the number of ladies-in-waiting on the Queen and the equettes in attendance on his Majesty is reduced usually by one half. The incontinent members of the household, except on special occasions, such as when some foreign Royal guest is being entertained by their Majesties, do not as a rule attend at Church on Sunday.

Divine service is held in the private chapel at 11.30 a.m., which the King and Queen always attend. The chapel is not open to the public, but members of the household are allowed to bring their friends to services on certain occasions.

A very strict rule is that the whole congregation must be in their seats five minutes before the service begins, and this regulation is scrupulously observed by their Majesties themselves.

After service the royal party, which frequently include the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children if they are in London, takes a walk in the palace grounds before luncheon; after which, the Queen generally goes to Marlborough House, where she constantly comes on Sundays.

Both the King and Queen dislike anything being done on Sunday that entails extra work on the servants of the establishment at which they may be guests.

In this connection a story is told of a mild reproof administered by the King to a certain page with whom their Majesties stayed for the week-end last year.

Shortly before church time, three powerful motor-cars came round to the hall door to convey the party to church, which was by road about a mile from the peer's residence, by taking a short cut, however, through the park, the distance was lessened by more than half. Directly the King discovered this fact he determined to walk to church. "I really thought," by taking a short cut, however, through the park, the distance was lessened by more than half. Directly the King discovered this fact he determined to walk to church. "I really thought," said his Majesty to his host, "when I saw these motor-cars that we were going to a church in the next county." Needless to say, the motor-cars were promptly sent back to the garage.

feel kindly toward others, if you sincerely wish to please, you will have no difficulty in doing so. But if you are cold, indifferent, retiring, silent, selfish, if you are all wrapped up in yourself and think only of what you can advance your own interests or increase your own comfort, you never can become popular.

The great trouble with most unpopular people is that they do not take pains to make themselves popular, to cultivate lovable, attractive qualities. They are not willing to put themselves out to try to please others. Many of them, indeed, think it is silly to observe the least little courtesies and trading civilities practiced by cultured people.

I know a man who thinks it is a sign of weakness to take any opportunity that offers to show little courtesies to ladies, to pick up a handkerchief, to open a door, to carry a parcel, or to offer any of the hundred and one little civilities which are so much appreciated and which, after all, are the great essentials of popularity. The result is that in spite of his wealth he is very unpopular.

We expect observances of the more important things even by selfish people, but it is the outward expression of kindly thought and feeling, the practice of little acts of courtesy, of thoughtful attentions, which awaken and refine life and indicate a lovable nature.

Dr. Marden has little sympathy for those people who take it for granted that they never can be popular.

How often we hear a person say, "I could not be agreeable nor popular if I tried. It is not my nature. I am naturally reticent, shy, diffident, timid. I have not cheek enough to push myself forward. I feel kindly toward people, but I can't take the initiative to try to interest them. I don't know how to talk to them. The moment I am introduced to a person, I am tongue-tied; I stand like a stick. People get away from me as soon as they can do so politely. They ask to be excused for a minute and never come back. My very consciousness and all my efforts to please are forced and cold, while only increasing my embarrassment. It is no use for me to try to go against my nature."

The unwillingness to exert oneself to be sociable is much more common than a lack of ability to be so. Of course, it takes an effort to overcome a quiet, retiring disposition and inclination to shrink from meeting people, but it pays to try. The ability to put others at ease, to make them feel at home, especially those who are timid, shy and diffident, is a wonderful element in popularity.

The quality above all others necessary to popularity is sincerity, and nothing else will take its place.

There is no reason why we should pretend to be interested in another. We should be interested in him. It is much easier to be really interested, to know about a person, his occupation, his hobby, the things that interest him, than to pretend to be, just for effect. Pretense, deception and sham are fatal, because, if there is anything but the demands of another it is genuineness, sincerity, and the moment he finds that a person is only pretending to be interested in him, he loses his confidence, and confidence is the foundation of everything. Nobody wants to hear another vaporous, palaver and pretend, nobody wants to feel that he is the victim of a social snare, and that he is trying to cover up his real self, pretending an interest in him, just as a ward politician feigns an interest in voters just before election. We all demand absolute sincerity, genuineness. People will very quickly recognize a mask. They can easily tell when anyone is shamming.

The memory of names and faces is of very great importance to the aspirant to popularity.

If your memory of personalities is poor, you will find that late Thomas B. Reed's plan wonderfully helpful. Mr. Reed said that he never looked at a new without noticing some peculiarity or some striking thing in his appearance which would help to recall him when he would find him indebted in his memory—a line, a wrinkle, the expression of the eye, the curve of the lip, the shape of the nose, something in that particular person's face or manner that impressed itself indelibly on his mind, and which distinguished him ever after from the rest of mankind.

We constantly hear people in society apologize for their poor memory of names and faces. They say that they never could remember them, but this is usually mostly due to the lack of taking pains, lack of interest in them, and laziness and some names we never forget, simply because we were particularly attracted to the persons at the first meeting by some striking affinity between them and ourselves. That should attract is largely a question of a real interest in the person we meet. People who have poor memories for names and faces do not observe closely. They do not get a distinct, clear range of the face and expression of the person they meet, do not study the face and personality and make an effort to remember

How to be Popular

The monthly talks on self-help and kindred subjects, which Orison Swett Marden contributes to Success Magazine, are always readable, instructive and encouraging. His latest theme is Popularity, and on this subject he is

particularly interesting. Everywhere, says Dr. Marden, a magnetic personality wins its way.

The secret of popularity is to make everybody you meet feel that you are especially interested in him. If you really

them. They do not meet their heads upon the floor and figure with the intention and expectation of getting a distinct impression that will remain. They simply bow or shake hands with the stranger in a perfunctory, mechanical way and go away with no positive image of either his name or personality, and perhaps ten minutes after the meeting they could not recall anything about the person they have just been talking with.

When you are introduced to a person, try to get not only a clear-cut impression of the face by scanning it carefully, but look into the person's very soul and endeavor to get hold of something that will remain with you.

Be sure you get the name accurately. Many people never hear distinctly the name of the person introduced.

Last of all, cordiality is a great essential. The practice of cordiality will revolutionize a man's social powers and will develop attractive powers never before dreamed of.

A great many people are stingy of their cordiality. They seem to reserve it for some special circle or for intimate friends. They think it is too precious to give out to everybody.

Do not be afraid of opening your heart, thrusting the door of it wide open. Get

and of all creatures, do not meet a person as though you were afraid of making a mistake and doing what you would be glad to recall.

You will be surprised to see what this warm, glad handshake and cordial greeting will do in creating a bond of good will between you and the person you meet. He will say, "Well, there is really an interesting personality. I want to know more about this lady or gentleman. This is an unusual greeting. This person sees something in me, evidently, which most people do not see."

Some people give you a shudder, and you feel cold chills creep over you when they take hold of your hand. There is in it no warmth, no generosity, no friendliness, no real interest in you. It is all a cold-blooded proceeding, and you can imagine you hear one of these shivering individuals say to himself, "Well, what is there in this person for me? Can he and she clients, patients or customers? If he does not possess money, has no influence or a pull with influential people? Can he help or interest me in any way? If not, I can not afford to bother with him."

How different it is when one takes your hand in a warm, friendly grasp, and looks at you with a kindly, genial smile as though he really wanted to get acquainted with you! You know there is a kind heart and a genuine man behind the cordial hand grasp, and your heart glows in response.

Do We Get Enough Nitrogen?

Charles E. Woodruff contributes an article to the *North American Review* on what he terms, "Nitrogen Starvation," which raises an interesting question. The writer is inclined to differ with those who claim that we eat much more of the nitrogen foods than we should and that health and efficiency are enhanced by cutting down the staples about fifty per cent., meat or less.

It is only within comparatively recent years that the vital importance of nitrogen has been recognized. The older chemists and physiologists looked upon organic substances as carbon compounds, such as sugar, starch, cellulose and alcohol; but as a matter of fact, life or material is essentially a mixture

of very complex nitrogen compounds, while the carbon substances are manufactured by living cells. It is highly essential, that all vital phenomena, to remember that living matter is an unstable compound built of nitrogen and needing nitrogen for its continued existence.

All the other elements entering into the composition of our bodies are essential to life, no doubt, for experiments show that we can starve a lower organism by depriving it of any one of them, yet the most element in nitrogen, for without it all growth ceases. Without nitrogen there is no life. The lowest organism can utilize nitrate, or ammonia in solution, or the more complex nitrogen, or even nitrogen itself; but, in the higher animals, the only substances to which we should give the name of food are the proteins, or complex nitrogen com-

pounds, derived from other organisms. The carbon foods—sugar, starches, fats and alcohols—really deserve the name of foods; for, though they do become parts of some of our tissues and enter into the very substance of the cells, their main purpose, so far as now known is to burn up to release their stored energy.

The amount of carbon food-food necessary for health is so dependent upon the work done that discussion of it is almost futile. A steamship at her dock requires but little fuel for heating and to run her auxiliary machinery, but when at full speed her consumption is enormous. Man follows the same rule, for he is a heat-engine too. The ship is built of many things, but the body of all is the element iron, and for growth and repair iron is to the ship what nitrogen is to man. It is quite evident that a ship which makes many trips at high speed needs more repairs than a "sedentary" one at her dock, and in the same way a man who works much requires more than he who works little. It is not possible, then, to state exactly how much nitrogen any particular man should have, nor can we give a standard to which all men should conform, whether sedentary professors or active soldiers. Indeed, there is some evidence that proteins can be as safely used for fuel in man as they are in the voracious animals, for some healthy races are largely though not entirely carnivorous.

As to the beliefs that the excess of protein puts some kind of a curious "load" on the liver and kidneys and that gout and rheumatism are occasioned by over-indulgence, Mr. Woodruff thinks little of them.

As a matter of fact the world over, the higher classes are fed with an abundance of nitrogen and are the healthiest, longest lived, most energetic, best developed and freest from disease. In India there is still an opinion that excess of the liver is due to over-eating, but it is now known to be due to infections, and that the well-fed nitrogen-excess are less liable to it than the starved.

The lower classes all over the world, points out Mr. Woodruff, are in a semi-starved condition. The fact is, there is really not enough nitrogen to go round, and those who get the most grow best and survive over the less well fed. Nitrogen has always had a high price. Carbon foods cost a

few cents a pound, but dried protein costs a dollar or more, and foods rich in nitrogen are the most expensive—eggs, milk and meat.

In England and other countries it has been found that defective development and what is called degeneration are largely due to defective nitrogen nutrients supplied to the young both before and after birth. For many years observant English school-masters have noted the irritability of underfed school-boys and the deplorable condition of the girls, whose food is mostly the carbon compounds. When nitrogen is increased—meat is added—their nervous system becomes normal. The same observation has been made with other carnivorous animals—for we are carnivorous at least in infancy—and they, too, show great variation when the nitrogen is reduced.

Referring to tuberculosis, Mr. Woodruff is of the opinion that the most important in its cure, next to outdoor life, is nitrogen nutrition. He does not mean stuffing the patient, but giving him a generous diet of milk, eggs and meat to the limit of his digestive powers. The results are marvelous, and leave no reasonable doubt that the main reason why the tissues lose their resisting powers was the fact that they had previously suffered from deprivation of nitrogen.

It is high time that the useless of dietetics should free itself of the horde of parasitic fads which have fastened themselves upon it. It is the black sheep in the flock of sciences which make up that greater science called "medicine," and it has been under a cloud long enough. Nothing is too absurd to be advocated from a diet of proteins to one of raw meat. For many years the real science of dietetics was content with a mere study of what people were eating in all walks of life in every part of the world. It was and enough to have the illogical conclusion once thrust upon us that these distributions were necessarily correct, without regard to the results as to vigor and immunity from disease. Indeed, no one seemed to think that the cattle ate rice because it was the only thing he could eat, and that he gradually ate better food wherever he had a chance. When the real scientists took up the work of experimental dietetics, it was with keen expectation that the method proposed looked forward to enlightenment—and the enlightenment was not was the new fact that we eat too much

of the thing of which we are built, a soil which will destroy a nation as surely as it will destroy an army. Long before there was a "science" of dietetics, Napoleon said that an army "travels on its stomach," and every other man who has ever had the management of bodies of workers has said that they work on their stomachs. And we can apply the same rule to the nation and to the whole race.

Though we cannot build a ship without nitrogen, yet, after the building is done, we can well reduce these elements, and it is surprising the small amount of nitrogen with which an old sedentary man can retain efficiency—but that is another story, for we are here concern-

ed with the danger of inefficient nitrogen itself well along in middle life. It has been reported that within a year two college boys have died while subjecting themselves to low nitrogen diet. And in such case the physicians in attendance were of opinion that the lowered vitality from partial nitrogen starvation was the real cause of death. Nerves and glands have been supposed as a matter of course, but there does not seem to be any doubt as to the reality of the facts. So let us teach good feeding, and then, perhaps, we will not hear of so many students who have broken down from "overwork," which is too often, if not always, "underfeeding."

A Remedy for High Prices

A writer in the Popular Science Monthly believes that if the use of a silver coinage were made more general throughout the world, there would be a decrease in gold production and in consequence a lowering of the prices of commodities. When gold monometallism became universal, silver at once took the status of a commodity, became subject to fluctuation in price according to the law of demand and supply, like all other commodities, and declined markedly in value, as one of its former uses was curtailed by law.

As silver declined in price, silver mining became less profitable, and silver miners gradually forsook the business and turned their attention to gold. Immediately the production of the latter began to increase until at the present time its annual output is about double in value that of the combined product of silver and gold a generation ago. As this increase resulted, the price of gold declined, establishing the quantitative theory of the value of money. For, though by law an ounce of gold was still and is now, legally transformable at the mints of all modern nations into coin of a face or paper value of about twenty dollars, yet the coins so produced and put into circulation have been capable of buying each year less and less of all other commodities; or, to put it differently, all the commodities have each year demanded more money for their wants, that is, prices have steadily risen since the flood of

gold began. Thus the commercial world is faced to-day with the same problem that was up for solution thirty years ago in the matter of silver, viz., how to render more stable the purchasing power of the money unit, in view of the enormous and rapidly increasing output of the world's gold mines.

The tendency to-day is to use less and less coinage. This is a perfectly natural evolution, the result of the strengthening of commercial ties the world over. Money as money is disappearing rapidly from view and in its place is arising a system of credits.

But as yet only a very small part of the inhabited world has become really civilized. The United States and Canada on one side of the Atlantic, northwestern Europe on the other side, Australia, New Zealand, and parts of Japan, a little patch of South Africa, a few spots in Latin America, and small areas in eastern Europe and India. The balance of the inhabitants of the globe may be considered feudal barbarians. In numbers they will outbalance us nearly ten to one. With these money (where it has advanced beyond the idea of shells, bones or cattle) is still rare. For bills they have yet no use. There are living nearly fifteen hundred millions of such people that are capable of earning an average daily wage of as much as twenty-five cents or more. If all could be set to work the world's pay roll would be about two and a quarter billion dollars. Assuming a month as the time required for coins

among this class to make the trip from miner around through the hands of merchants and banks back to the producer, it would take ten billion dollars' worth of silver money to permit of the steady employment of this army of laborers. Of course between sixty and seventy per cent. of this mass of individuals would not be miners, the women, children, old and decrepit, but, on the other hand, the actual laborers would be paid from fifty cents to a dollar a day, according to output. Here then is a large field for the use of the metal that the civilized world is rapidly discarding. For silver only could be used, gold representing too much value. At its present market value of say \$15,000 per ton, it would take nearly seven hundred thousand tons of the white metal to produce the above mentioned stock of coin. The present annual production of the world is a little less than 2,600 tons. Hence it would require the entire product at the present rate for the next one hundred years to supply the demand. In view of the large use the western world has for gold, small coin, and for silver in the arts, it will probably be safe to say that if the progress of civilization is not stayed, it is advances only at the rate that has obtained during the nineteenth century, there could be created a demand for the metal to the extent of the full output of the mines of the world at the present time, for probably the next two hundred years.

This would check the present flood of gold, for were silver mining to become as profitable as old, many who are now engaged in the extra-hazardous business of gold-mining would abandon it for the much less hazardous one of silver-mining.

In the adoption of an international coinage the writer of this article sees a remedy for the difficulty.

The plainly evolutionary task of pushing civilization into the unmediated parts of the world through commerce is as badly hampered by the different coins offered to the barbarians, as are the efforts of the evangelists to introduce Christianity by the existence of the various denominations and creeds. The church is beginning to appreciate the mistake in its efforts, and is trying to minimize it by combinations among the denominations having for their object to standardize Christianity, so to speak, by reducing tenet and dogma to the lowest possible terms. Commerce must do the same. The white man's coin must be standardized and simplified.

Consider the increased force of the commercial assault on continental Asia and Africa and the other untamed areas of the globe of an international coin which the half-civilized and barbarous people of this globe found could be used in trading with any of the nations. Asia is called "the sink of silver." Sources of thousands of tons of the white metal in the guise of Indian rupees, Mexican dollars, and other coins have disappeared during the last few hundred years among its teeming millions, and the drain still continues at the rate of about 8,000 tons per annum. It is the result of sheer force of numbers, coupled with patient industry and ingenuity. When these people were far from their sleep of centuries, and began to produce and consume with something like the vigor of the western world, they will be capable of overwhelming it with their output of raw material. With what can they be paid? The balance of trade has remained steadily in their favor as far back as records go. We can only at first satisfy a small portion of their needs, and for their wants will increase slowly. They know of but one kind of money, namely, silver, and require that indelible. The western world has silver in abundance. It is a drug on the market. Why not prepare suitably to let them have what they desire, and what we can so easily furnish, and at the same time put it in the form of a coin, which when it became their unit of value would guide them along the path of increasing consumption of those articles which they can produce, and in the production of which we can never hope to be able to successfully compete?

The international coin will come in a comparatively short time, just as will arrive the international postage stamp, which, by the way, is very badly needed. For the upper classes of all countries, the people who travel, and have to stand the nuisance and loss of changing their money at every frontier, the bankers and international merchants who have to cumbrer their accounts with the fluctuating item of exchange between commercial centres will insist upon it. All the European nations, with the exception of Russia and Turkey, are ready for the change, and when these reach the stage of real constitutionalism in their progress upward, they will be compelled to follow, being already deeply in debt to the French, English and German.

A Canadian Woman's Trek to the Arctic

Agnes Deans Cameron, that adventurous woman explorer, has been returning to an interviewer in Edinburgh the story of her journey to the Arctic ocean, which she has told in this new detail in her wonderful book, "The New North." At first a school teacher, Miss Cameron was later lured into journalism, and becoming fired with the possibilities of the Great West, she took "Canada's Whirlwind" as her specialty and has since been writing constantly about it.

Then I conceived the idea of traveling from Chicago to the Arctic Ocean, to see for myself that great land beyond the Wheat Belt, which, now sparsely populated by hunters, trappers, and Indians, will, in my opinion, one day become with prosperous millions. The journey was made under the aegis of the Hudson Bay Company. It would have been impossible to have accomplished my task but for the assistance afforded me by the great company.

I was accompanied by my niece, Miss Jessie Cameron Brown, and our first stage was by rail from Chicago to Edmonton. Edmonton is a city of compelling fascination. It is a metropolis of a youth. Everywhere there is a young, south, glowing, vigorous, healthy youth rules Edmonton.

When the railways transformed Edmonton from a trading post into a city, almost the first thing the young executives did was to organize a university. Edmontonians are not only young, but they are young, they are the "Peter Pan" of the West."

From Edmonton we drove with horses to the Athabasca River, a distance of about a hundred miles, and then we shot the rapids to Lake Athabasca and Fort Chipewyan. That was rather a perilous voyage, one of our boats was wrecked with a Hudson Bay Company boat—was upset, and the passengers were rescued with great difficulty.

Here I may say that my niece and I travelled very light, we were determined not to be a nuisance, and to show the men that a woman could travel without half-a-dozen trunks. Our outfit was cut down to essentials, and our only "luxuries" were the typewriter on which we nightly wrote up our diaries, and the camera with which we obtained unique and splendid photographs.

It was at Fort Chipewyan that the wheat was grown that took the highest award at the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876. At Fort Smith, on the Slave River, we came across the new steamship which the Hudson Bay Company has just completed building at that far north point.

In due course we came to Great Slave Lake, from which pours the mighty Mackenzie River, eight miles wide at its source, and seldom less than two miles across during its long sweep to the Arctic Ocean. And so, at last, we passed the Arctic Circle, and stood on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, five thousand miles from our starting point, and having passed through districts where no white woman had trod before.

Here, I may say, that within the Arctic Circle we saw wild flax growing, which proves that flax could be cultivated there.

At our journey's turning-point we saw some of the best men in the world. Unlike they were, but as different from the ordinary squat, ugly Eskimo as could be. They were tall, handsome, athletic, and of perfect manners and address.

They gladdened the eye, but on the shores of the Arctic Ocean I also saw something that saddened me, and that was the spectacle of a great and profitable industry, which should be fruitful, crushed in the hands of Americans—I refer to the Arctic Ocean whaling fisheries. The Arctic Ocean whale is enormously valuable, an average specimen being worth \$2,000, and the Americans have established a monopoly over this most valuable fishery of the North.

The return journey does not call for remark, but I must not forget to tell you about "Louise the Cannibal," whom we met at Lake Slave Lake. Poor Louise! She suffers from the poverty of our language, for "cannibal" is not a just description to apply to her, but as "Louise the Cannibal" she is known throughout the North.

As a young Indian girl Louise was a member of a "starvation camp"—a camp that is, from which the "braves" had gone out hunting, never to return. Their supplies exhausted, and, with no means of obtaining help, the members of the camp lived on those who died, and Louise was one of those who survived.

Poor thing! I found nothing cannibalistic about her. We were photographed together, and I am inclined to think that it would be difficult to distinguish the "cannibal" from the writer!



THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STATION, NEW YORK

The Biggest Terminal in the World

What is claimed to be the biggest terminal station in the world will soon be opened for use. This is the immense station of the Pennsylvania Railroad System, which has been in process of construction in New York for a good many years. A description of the structure is given by P. Harvey Middleton in the Technical World Magazine.

The new terminal station is one-third larger than the present largest station in the world—Liverpool Street Station, London, and one-half larger than the present largest station in the United States—South Station, Boston. Some idea of its mastodonic proportions may be gathered from the statement that you could put Madison Square Garden in one corner and the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in another corner and still there would be room in the great terminal for all the traffic it is designed to handle.

The cost of the terminal and its approaches has, of course, been enormous. It was necessary in the first place to sweep away a crowded city

in point of population and variety of business.

Wholesale purchases of real estate involving an expenditure of ten million dollars were made in order to obtain the site. The swarming inhabitants of four entire blocks were driven from their homes, and five hundred buildings, worth four millions of dollars, including churches, tenement houses, apartment houses, brown stone residences, saloons, stores, factories and restaurants were razed to the ground. Then came an army of laborers with picks and shovels and wonderful machinery to dig and blast the biggest hole ever dug in New York, forty feet deep and twenty-eight acres in extent—an excavation costing another five millions of dollars.

And now that big hole has been filled with the greatest railroad building in the world, the largest of the more than one hundred thousand stations of civilization. To build it and the tunnels with which it is connected cost the price of an empire—more than the combined money paid by the United States for the Philippines, Florida, Alaska and Louisiana. One hundred millions of dollars! And all this that the harness of the East and North rivers, which

ing so many years have hampered the movement and development of traffic in Manhattan, might be removed, and direct entrance be afforded to New York City without recourse to ferries.

Some idea of the number of people who can be accommodated in the station is given by Mr. Middleton.

Within the station and train shed is standing room for fully three hundred thousand persons, or a number equal to five armies like that of the United States forces. Engineers estimate that the accommodation will be equal to the maximum traffic of one hundred and thirty thousand arriving and departing travelers per hour. As one statistician puts it, the entire population of the United States, Canada and Mexico could pass through its portals in a single year without inconvenience. "Were all the travelers who are to use the Pennsylvania Terminal in the course of one year," says this authority, "to form in line of procession, four abreast, the line would reach from New York to Panama, and it would require a period of three years to pass through the station, stepping at regular military pace."

The building itself is severely classic, the exterior showing a Doric colonnade thirty-five feet high.

It is in every way a radical departure from the average railroad station, resembling externally the baths of Caracalla in the days of ancient Rome. The towers and turrets and the lofty arch-tram shed usually associated with such a structure are conspicuous by their ab-

sence. The explanation of this is that the principal function of this station is performed underneath the streets. The line on the avenues is four hundred and thirty feet and on the streets some hundred and eighty-one feet. The tracks are forty feet below the street surface and the station is divided into three levels.

The main entrance is on Seventh Avenue. On the first level below the street is the station proper.

Here is the general waiting room, the largest in the world, two hundred and seventy-seven by one hundred and thirty feet and one hundred and fifty feet high. Within the marble walls of this magnificent apartment are located the ticket office, parcel rooms, telephone and telegraph offices—twenty-four booths—and baggage checking windows. All so arranged that a passenger may proceed from one to the other without a minimum amount of exertion and without entering his shoes. Adjoining the general waiting room on the west end are two subterranean waiting rooms, fifty-eight by one hundred feet, respectively, for men and women, provided with seats, and opening into retiring rooms with lavatories attached.

Where the passenger is ready to go to his train he proceeds to the concourse, an immense platform facing the twenty-one tracks, and forming a court yard three hundred and forty feet wide by two hundred and ten feet broad, roofed by a lofty truss shed of iron and glass. Ten thousand persons can wait for trains on the concourse at one time without undue crowding.

It is at this point that one sees working when a weight is placed on the centre of a plank supported at both ends. It is the same as that involved when a person steps on a plank crossing a brook. The plank bends at the centre; the underside of the plank is stretched and the top side is compressed.

A beam in a *beam* works under the same conditions. When it is loaded it tends to bend, and there is tension in its bottom side, and a compression in its top. Concrete is an ordinary wood, is very strong in compression, and weak in tension. It can satisfactorily

sustain heavy loads when used in foundations or when there is no possibility of a pulling stress on the structure. By placing steel bars in the parts of the beam where the tension comes, generally at the underside, the concrete is made serviceable for use in beams.

Not much more than forty years ago a Frankfort, Missouri, was making flower pots of concrete. He had considerable trouble with the pots breaking. He conceived the idea of inserting in the concrete as it was being placed in the moulds a little chicken wire. This had the astonishing effect of making the pots practically unbreakable.

This principle of reinforcing concrete with wire and steel bars has been worked out commercially only in the last ten or fifteen years, but so rapid has been its practical application that today all over the country there are being erected buildings constructed entirely of this material. Beams, girders, and columns are of concrete, reinforced with steel bars, whose duty it is to take up the tension on the underside of the beam. In doing this, the steel is working to its best advantage, and the concrete at the top of the beam taking up the compression is also working economically.

The growth of reinforced concrete construction parallels closely that of another art, namely, electrical engineering. In both cases the progress has been from the laboratory of the theorist and scientist to the practical builder and user, whereas in most other great industries the line of growth has been from the rule-of-thumb man up to the laboratory, with a consequent slowness in improvements.

Some of the advantages of this kind of construction are given by Mr. Perry.

The elimination of vibration under moving loads owing to the mass of the concrete floors and columns absorbing any tendencies toward vibration; the extraordinary sanitary features of concrete buildings due to the fact that cement is a lime product which naturally tends toward cleanliness, and far superior to the fact that concrete buildings are homogeneous and monolithic, and offer no place for vermin of any kind to hide.

To this inherent property of concrete construction is due also its waterproof-

ness, which is of great value in case of fire. It is not unusual that in the ordinary fire the water damage amounts to a great part of the total loss. This is eliminated in concrete buildings. A fire starting in any one floor is retained in that floor. Any water played on the fire is also retained on that floor.

Concrete buildings reduce the amount of power necessary to operate machinery and reduce also the repair and wear charges on machines. This is owing to the fact that shafting or machines once set in place on concrete floors remain in place. There is no tendency for them to get out of level or out of line.

The greatest desideratum of all buildings, namely fireproofness, which is basic with reinforced concrete, should make the selection of this material for new buildings an unquestionable fact. San Francisco and Baltimore gave this method of construction a most severe test, and in both instances concrete came through the configuration with flying colors. Fires in different parts of the city of a most severe nature have also given this kind of construction extraordinarily drastic tests.

He has also something to say about the speed of construction. There has been some misunderstanding on this point.

It is possible to cite one or two examples of buildings of this type which have been erected in a time which is not up to a exceedingly slow time. It is not fair to judge the speed of construction, usually obtained when reinforced concrete is used, by these two cases, and yet the general public is very liable so to do. As a matter of fact, the buildings just noted were handled by inexperienced men, and really furnish about the best examples of unsatisfactory concrete work that can be found.

Before condemning concrete on the basis of its better a slow method of construction, the prospective builder should investigate the true facts in the case. The ordinary concrete contractor will tell you that, after his foundations are in, he will erect his concrete structural frame at about a story a week.

There are many instances on record of much faster time having been made. One building in the Fletcher Street, a ten-story and basement structure, reinforced concrete throughout. After the foundations were completed, the roof was put in place in sixty-seven working

Skyscrapers of Concrete

The way in which reinforced concrete is being put to greater and greater use in the construction of buildings, naturally rouses the curiosity of the layman and leads him to enquire just what reinforced concrete is and what part it plays in modern building. J. P. H. Perry explains all this in a popular article in the New York Evening Post.

The principle on which a reinforced concrete beam or girder is designed

days, and the building turned over to the owner ready for occupancy in three and one-half months. Another record was set, a warehouse in Brooklyn, with seven stories and basement. After the elevation was completed, the roof was put on in forty-eight working days, and the building turned over to the

owner ready for occupancy in a little more than three months.

This question of speed of construction is purely one of experience and proper organization. When these two conditions are properly met, concrete construction can be handled in a remarkably satisfactory manner.

The Era of Civic Advertising

The raison d'être of civic advertising is given by Hugh C. Weir in an entertaining article entitled "The Awakening of the Cities," in *Pittsburgh's Magazine*. He finds that civic advertising is the natural outcome of the spirit of combination, which is to be found in all departments of commerce and industry to-day.

Men acting together can achieve a common goal more quickly and more surely than they can reach it as scattered individuals. This was demonstrated several thousand years ago, more or less, when men first met on the field of battle. It is an axiom that applies as effectively and directly to industry as to war. If we can fight better through a union of forces, there is no reason why we shouldn't mine coal better or make boots better or sell machinery better by uniting our efforts. The single factory found that it could buy cheaper, and create a larger market for its products, by combining with its neighbor. The merchant found that he could get more trade by joining forces with his competitor to increase the number of histories in his city, and consequently the population. The real-estate agent found that he could sell more lots and more houses by combining with his rivals to increase the number of people in the community and consequently the demand for lots and houses. The banker found that he could gain more depositors and find better loans and better security by uniting with his competitor to increase the business and the capital of his city. And each and all—whether factory superintendent or merchant, or coal estate agent or banker—found that not only his market but his business practice was extended by the knowledge of the outside world that he belonged to an aggressive, progressive community

that sought opportunities rather than waited for them. We have said that the city is judged by its officers. The business man of this type of community found that the citizen is judged by the city.

And so we have civic advertising. In many lines of industry, business men have found that they can increase their opportunities and their profits by a merging of forces. Civic advertising demonstrates that different lines of industry—no matter how complex and how varied—can increase their individual and collective possibilities by a similar merger. Thus the Chamber of Commerce was born—the business and municipal union of the modern city. And through the Chamber of Commerce came civic advertising.

A little story, with which Mr. Weir opens his article, serves to show one of the methods adopted.

A midnight fire destroyed an enormous stove factory in the Central West, not long ago. On its payroll were a thousand men, and its monthly business showed a half-million dollars. When the general manager reached the scene, it was apparent that the factory was beyond all hope of saving.

"Will you rebuild?" asked a reporter.

"At once!" was the reply.

The statement was dispatched to the Associated Press, with the account of the disaster. Early the following morning, when the manager reached the blackened ruins, a telegram was handed to him. It was from the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Springfield, Illinois—a city perhaps two hundred miles distant—and read somewhat as follows:

"Springfield wants your new factory. We can offer you better site than your present location—better labor conditions, better transportation, better con-

nection with your raw material. May we send a man to present the possibilities of Springfield to you?"

Mr. Weir follows this with a story from his own experience of a little red-and-orange booklet, which circled the globe on an ambitious mission of civic publicity.

In its extreme northwestern corner, the State of Pennsylvania is washed by the waters of Lake Erie. The principal city in this section is named for the lake on whose shore it nestles. Erie has a broader significance, however, than the fact of its being Pennsylvania's only lake port. It is the largest engine and boiler manufacturing city in the world. It leads, also, in the production of such diversified articles as horse-shoes, baby-carriages and pipe organs. From whence it may be said that the Erie Chamber of Commerce—one thousand strong—faces a many-sided problem in the exploitation of its manifold industries. Recently, in connection with the accident that set afoot, I undertook the preparation of a booklet designed to give international publicity to Erie factories. We compiled our mailing list from three sources. From the United States Government we secured the address of every American consular in the world. In a second group we filed the name of every industrial organization in this country, Canada, Mexico, Central America and South America. We next secured from local factories a selected mailing-list of customers and prospective customers, or else gave them a bundle of the booklets for individual distribution.

The booklet itself presented a list of the three hundred articles made in Erie, with the names of the manufacturers. The catalogue was compiled alphabetically, with a brief introductory paragraph emphasizing some striking feature connected with the products under each letter. Under "A," for instance, were included seventeen articles ranging from addressing machines to automobiles. Under "C," the list extended from caskets to cradles. Even under the headings of "Y" and "Z" we were able to find yokes and zinc stanchions. In similar fashion, we classified the forty-seven exports of the city—the aim of the whole booklet being to catch and hold the attention of the busy man, who wished the wheat separated from the chaff and ready at his finger's tip.

This was as thoroughly a civic enterprise as it is possible for any undertaking, financed by private contributions to be. It was designed to promote enterprise, to add to the commercial prestige of the city, thereby stimulating civic activity and, by increas-

ing the market of local producers, to attract more work into, with their families, more capital, more business.

From seventy-five to one hundred new markets will be opened to Erie manufacturers through this single channel of civic publicity. When we consider the distance between north-western Pennsylvania and Moscow or Nuremberg, for instance, the significance of our municipal pamphlet is vividly emphasized. And when we consider Erie as only one among two thousand cities which are steadily and permanently developing the field of civic advertising—spending more than \$1,000,000 in the year 1916—the position of municipal promoter or civic-publicity agent is seen to possess far-reaching possibilities.

Akin to the publicity bureau, in their efforts to advance the interests of their respective communities, are the Chambers of Commerce. Mr. Weir tells something of the work of these organizations. For instance the Chamber of Commerce of Boston, reaching that in the enormous expenditure of \$200,000,000 for coal, there must be considerable waste, appointed a committee of experts to investigate.

To a committee of experts was assigned the task of investigating the situation, and a short time ago the department of civic publicity sent out some startling statistics. In fact, the circular was found to be of such general interest that requests for copies of it came from all parts of the world. It was shown, for instance, that the system of unloading, followed at a majority of the large mills, involved the waste of thousands of tons of coal every month. It was demonstrated that a modern trestle or conveyor, installed in every Boston factory, would save the business men something like \$200,000 a year. This report on the fuel situation will be supplemented by one showing that the average factory doesn't know what kind of coal to burn, and that by careful study it will be found possible to effect another gigantic saving. Tables of coal analysis will be published, giving lists of several hundred samples and the reports of the United States Geological Survey.

Not only does the Boston Chamber act in this direction but it has also brought home to the manufacturers of New England the vital necessity of conserving the forests and thereby

maintaining the water powers of the country. It has also done a great deal to prevent the exodus of the farming population, pointing out ways of probably earning a farm.

The Boston Chamber is composed of nearly four thousand members, drawn from every walk of life. Its dues are twenty-five dollars annually, and its yearly expenses approach \$125,000. It is, perhaps, the best example of the modern civic union which we can find in the country.

Its purpose is the upbuilding of the civic and business conditions of the city. But it is not a reform organization. It stays out of politics, but the politician has come to have much respect for it than for the "machine" of either party. He knows that it is in its keeping the bread and butter of the community. And what is more, the people know this. When it makes an announcement, the public lends an eager ear. In its way, such organizations are the best safeguard which the American people have yet established against the menace of political corruption. Recently, the Boston Chamber appointed a civic financial committee, which is to examine every expenditure in every department of the city government. It is deemed a certain expenditure too large it will first tell the official who proposes making it. If it doesn't heed, it will tell the people, it is determined to improve the business tone of the community. With either excessiveness or reticence in the city government, this is impossible.

Other Chambers of Commerce are rapidly following its example. They are finding that it is absurd to ask a business man to bring his history and his capital to a community where the politicians are allowed to squander the people's money as they see fit. If the business men pay their taxes to a state that proceeds to line its pockets with the revenue, both their judgment and their stability are open to suspicion. This is the viewpoint of the modern Chamber of Commerce. It is based not so much on ethics as on business sense. Bad politics is bad business. We had justice men to administer justice, as an organization, is not undertaking to supplant bad men with good men. It is not undertaking to tell the people whom to elect or not to elect to office. But, like the Boston Chamber of Commerce, it is proceeding quietly to watch the man after he is elected. And he is coming to know that he is watched, and to act accordingly. This is why the new revival to advertise the American city means other things than

the advancement of merely industrial interests. This is why the Chamber of Commerce stands for something greater than the spreading of more factories and a more numerous population.

Houston, Texas, is saying to the business men of the country whom it invites to become citizens: "Our City Hall is a business house. We have no wards, no ward politicians, no graft. Our city officials are public-work experts, growing in the service, and kept there as long as they make good—no longer."

Galveston, Texas, and Des Moines, Iowa, are also assured, have eliminated politics completely from the city streets, and have established a municipal government by commission. "We run our cities on business principles, as you run your factory," they announce to the individual or company they are endeavoring to "bag." "We have done with the political boss" and the paving contractors and sewer contractors and electric-light contractors who regarded the city government as a job, and are ready for the taking. You want a live wire community for your home and your factory. We can give it to you! Even Pittsburg—a city of millions and grafters—has awakened, and vigorously endorses the plan of government by commission.

The prospectus of the American city that advances is undergoing a subtle change, even as the city itself. Two or three years ago, the circular which it distributed made much of its fresh air and beautiful homes and pleasant people and rich soil and pure water. All very good—as far as they go. But the progressive city like Boston or Houston or Los Angeles or Cleveland is finding that there is something else, something deeper, which can be better emphasized. The modern business man wants a clean city for his factory—and the cleanliness must not be of the surface only. Clean streets are well enough, but clean government is better. It insures a better atmosphere in which to rear his family, a better business tone and atmosphere, a higher standard for his wares. And if he surveys the situation from a business rather than a moral standpoint, the effect is perhaps more lasting and certainly much more substantial. Our reformers have had their clean-up era. Many of their efforts are little more than a memory. Now our business men, without platform harangues, without torchlight parades, following in the right path—badly obscured, it is to be feared, by new-formed "muck"—and are giving us another kind of reform. And it is taking none of the laurels from our civic reformers of the past. It is saying that it is the first real revolution that

the political "graft" has ever experienced.

The era of civic advertising is only just dawning. The tons of municipal literature, good, bad and indifferent, with which we have been deluged, have merely pointed the way to a new goal. Mostly by the things they have failed to say, Kansas City, Missouri, has boldly shattered the conventional civic "folder" of "good streets, good water, good air," by substituting the announcement that it was the first American city to abolish the billboard nuisance! Henderson, Kentucky, doesn't tell us about its beautiful parks. Instead, it sends our attention with the statement that the city owns and operates its own electric-light plant, gas plant, and

waterworks. Post Arthur, Canada, goes a step further by adding telephones to the list of municipal offerings. New Haven, Connecticut, announces that it is developing a plan of converting the city garbage into power for a municipal lighting and ice-manufacturing plant. Minneapolis is advertising the fact of its financial activity by the description of a project for converting its refuse and garbage into fuel for a city heating plant.

The Chamber of Commerce has a tremendous future. It has made for itself a place in our municipal affairs, whose full power we are just beginning to appreciate. It is this significant sign that we have set back of the awakening of the American city.

Boy Scouts and Sham Fights.

The boy scout movement has grown to such proportions in England and is spreading with such rapidity to all parts of the Empire, that an explanatory article by Fred T. Jane in the *London Magazine* will be read with interest by all who have been following the progress of the movement. In this article Mr. Jane tells about a new development, which is to have an important bearing on the work of the scouts—the organization of the "Boy Scout Assistance Association."

The President of the Society is Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, and its objects, as set forth, are as follows: "It consists of motorists and anyone else 'on wheels' who is prepared to give a couple of hours on the first Saturday afternoon of every month 'for England.' Those who join are those who believe that the Boy Scout, when he comes to man's estate a few years hence, will be a very different article from the hobnobbing one seen loafing about to-day."

Primarily, the Boy Scout movement has very little to do with soldiering. The Association, however, gives a monthly military twist to the movement, the idea always being that the Boy Scouts are the advanced guard of the defenders, while the Association represents the elements of an invading army. Realism is aimed at to the full; and both sides are liable to be "killed," and out of the game.

The general idea, of course varies on each occasion, but there are certain

fixed rules, which may be useful to anyone seeking to form a similar association elsewhere.

The first rule is that there is no subscription, and no payment of any kind to anybody. There are no prizes to be gained, for any rewards.

The second rule is that everything is on an absolutely democratic basis. It is a case quo pro of the Association that on a field-day all social distinctions must be obliterated. And they have been obliterated to the extent of a lord in his motor-car and a caddy in his donkey-shay, going off together as one of the "units" of the attack.

There is no recognized Commander-in-Chief. Any member who chooses may submit a "general idea" for the consideration of the Scout Masters; and upon the acceptance of that scheme the frames thereof is in command for that occasion.

The fourth rule is that everyone must "play the game," and remember that the object is to find some patriotic work for those who in the ordinary way, are unable to render military assistance to their country.

The initiation of the Boy Scouts' Association took place at Portsmouth and Mr. Jane gives a description of the first experimental fight.

Every Scout was provided with a card bearing his name, address and code, and all that the Scouts had to do was to hide behind hedges or anywhere else, and avoid being detected by motorists, and cyclists. The invaders had to wear a white handkerchief on

the right arm, and altogether managed to shoot about 185 out of some 760 Scouts who were out.

The devices adopted by some of the Scouts were excessively ingenious. They got into houses; they got up into trees. One was actually captured hiding inside a chimney, and it took him an hour to get him out. Yet another was captured underneath a load of straw in a wheelbarrow that some genial agriculturist was wheeling along the road. The champion of all, however, was a Scout who waded into a duck-pond up to his neck, and remained there nearly two hours before a motor-car happened to see him!

These instances are not given as funny stories, but just to show that the boys enter very fully indeed into the spirit of the thing.

It was very soon discovered, however, that to make the thing a success, the boys should be allowed to "kill back," and so on every subsequent field-day there has always been "killing" on both sides.

The second field-day was quite a dramatic affair. The invaders had all to go by the same road to Portsmouth, remain there for a quarter of an hour, and then return by the same road. It is a day that I shall never forget. The Commander-in-Chief, on this occasion, elected to proceed by devious by-roads, and we went along through clouds of dust beyond conception. My station in this particular "battle" was as rear-guard. Where we went, I have not the least idea, but I do remember that we lost each other in the dust, and had a tremendous job to concentrate again, which we did more by lost than anything else. Eventually we reached Portsmouth without having seen a single Scout, and apparently without any Scouts having seen us. The Scouts, however, had spies at our headquarters, and some of our Scouts on cycles who had been brought in by our cyclists, who had proceeded by a different route, one managed to escape.

A "night attack" on a scout's camp was an exciting event. This camp was located twenty-two miles from Portsmouth. The attack was made one midnight with nine motor-cars.

We left nothing to chance. When within five miles of the camp, all lights were put out, and in blessed disregard of the law we proceeded in darkness along narrow country lanes, and the motors rarely traversed. Eventually, after many adventures, we reached the top of a lonely hill, and two miles below we saw the tents of the Scouts, gleaming white in the rising moonlight. With the engines stopped, we rolled

down this hill for about a mile, then we stopped the cars with a view to stalking the camp across country. If any one of us could get into a tent undetected victory was ours!

The first that happened was that after we had whispered and made our final arrangements, one of us spotted something that looked like one of the boy Scouts peeping at us over the hedge. The man nearest crawled in at the gate and found a Scout, whom he promptly seized and held upside down, but even in that position the little beggar managed to blow his whistle!

All question of surprise was at an end. The whistles seemed to be blowing everywhere. Our Commander-in-Chief decreed that we must rush the camp and get in before the Scouts could concentrate; and so we started on something like a mile sprint across unknown country in the dark.

It is not much wonder that the inevitable happened! So far as I was personally concerned, I ran something like half a mile, when I saw a dark object in front of me. I attempted to jump over this object. When it was too late, I discovered it to be a cow! The cow got up when I jumped and a double somersault was the result. My share in the fight ended with a number of Scouts hitting me with broomssticks until I surrendered.

To the left of me was a captain in the Navy. He blundered into a sarsen in his shirt-sleeves, the parson being in command of the camp. The parson tried to collar the captain. The captain tried to throw the parson. The pair of them rolled over into a bed of stinging nettles, and spent the next hour in trying matches to try and find some dockleaves!

The only one who got through in the contingent to which I was attached was an Artillery subaltern. He saw what was happening, ran down for a bit, and then crawled towards the tents. He succeeded in getting into one, but the next thing that he knew was that the tent was let down upon him, and he was thrust out by the surrendering Scouts.

Our Commander-in-Chief, seeing what was happening, made a detour to the right with the rest of the invaders. In doing so, they presently encountered a pond. They splashed through it, to find themselves up to their waists in mud, and facing some barbed wire guarded by numbers of small boys, who hit them on the heads with broomssticks until they surrendered. The only survivor was our Commander-in-Chief. He crawled through somehow, and managed to get into a tent.

Unfortunately for him, however, this tent happened to be the guard tent! And so we were defeated.

System and Business Management

Advantage of an Observant Eye in Business

By U. G. Case

From Office Appliances

WHEN we speak of educated people we generally have reference to those who have that knowledge acquired through teachers and books while attending schools. Self-educated people acquire that kind of an education through studying books and printed matter of all sorts themselves, following in particular topics of special interest to each individual mind. In this age of Chautauquas and mail courses one can choose a kind of education, or profession, or trade best suited to one's temperament and natural inclinations. To follow something for which one has a special liking and a natural talent always means greater success in time than when one forces himself, or is forced by others, to seek some specified education or profession or trade. The unwillful mind makes very slow progress. Too many parents, especially in foreign countries, decide on a career for the child before he has arrived at an age to choose for himself. It means practically forcing an issue for something for which the child has no natural liking or inclination, and so it is like punishment to the child.

Many men are influenced in the choosing of a career through the success of some friend in some special line. Some seek easy and clean work.

Some accept the first position that comes along through dire necessity to earn some money, and remain in that line of work a lifetime, being always afraid to make a change for various reasons—many perhaps well founded. And as they drift along for years and years never perfectly satisfied and making slow progress. If ambitious and hard workers, developing their minds and taking advantage of opportunities, some degree of success will be attained, sometimes unusual success. But how much easier and more pleasant would be the life and work, if a natural inclination and talent had found its way to the work best suited to the individual! If men and women the world over could follow their natural talents, the achievements of mankind would be centuries ahead of what they are now. As it is, we do something because we must do it—drift along and do the best we can. We frequently notice special successes because men get into their proper niche from the beginning, or because at some period of their career had the nerve to break away and get into the natural niche, even if at a great temporary sacrifice. But it paid handsomely in the end to have made the wise decision. One great drawback for the average employe is lack

nerve. Being afraid is a great influence.

In assuming that education is book knowledge, we overlook the education that comes through observation. The infant learns through observation of other children and grown-ups about him. Observation to the infant, and to the child as the years go by, is the greatest teacher. During the school period the education comes through teachers, books, plus what parents may be responsible for, and observation. The child who is robbed of school still learns much as the years come and go, through observation of what others say and do, and this creates some degree of education. Manhood and womanhood are reached, and whether schools are attended or not, intuition does its work and the process of absorbing knowledge through observation continues, and improves the mind steadily as the mind develops and more is observed.

We come across people in the daily routine of life who are apparently fairly well educated, and others considerably so, who may have had little or no schooling, may have read very little or nothing at all, and yet may be making a splendid living. We have known of men who attained great successes in business, and yet were illiterate, or practically so, from an educational point of view. Men have made great fortunes who could write no more than their names. These classes of supposedly uneducated men have attained their knowledge through the process of observation. Habits, customs and polish are also by no means always, or all, due to education, but in the main may be credited to observation of what others do in the things that are pleasing to the eye and the mind, and pleasing to those who set the proper pace, as society and best recognized culture set the level of what is best.

All children are great imitators, and so are all men and women, though they may not admit it. In more than we suspect are men and women but children of a larger growth. It is

very easy to detect any one who is very observing. One can notice this immediately and very decidedly in traveling men who travel over the same road and visit the same cities. One goes about his business and sees only the business he is interested in. The other is just as great a business success, but in addition has a fund of knowledge of the places he visits that is startling. It is due to an observing eye, and interest in anything that will add to his knowledge. In the long run one finds the observant man the greater success, the more interesting and agreeable companion, and personally the happier and more contented. He makes more friends, is better liked by his house, and he receives more opportunities for advancement.

Two men may walk a block, one see a few things—and the other dozens of things—some things that not one in a hundred would see. The one drifts along while the other is growing mentally all the time through his power of observation. Some men seem blind to everything, and we know what they are. In the world's general progress, observation must be credited with a high percentage as contributing to what makes the whole volume of success. If we would enumerate what observation has done through all the ages, and the things that can only be learned through observing how others do it, it would make a set of books very much larger than Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf!

In business the "show me" principle is being exercised every minute of the day. We are always showing others and they observe how we do, and they then do likewise themselves. If observation were eliminated, it is safe to say there would be chaos and final ruin in a great many institutions, and perhaps in all. We must be observing with eyes and ears. We all observe every day and owe much to observation, but we seldom think of our benefits and necessities as coming through it.

Watch the rapid progress of any office employee and you will find his

power of absorption through observation is very marked. He observes all the time and lets nothing slip by his vision that will benefit him at the time or at some future time. He is constantly adding to his knowledge—his business education. Observation gives the employee latent ability he can use some time. Other employees wonder why he knows so much, why he always has an answer to a question about some department or individual, why he can fill other positions in a pinch, why he gets other positions and can fill them well immediately, when they seem to know only what affects them in their own position; and then wonder why they do not get along so well. It means they only do what they are directed to do or shown how to do, and are not observing anything beyond a small space around themselves. They are not observers, not improving themselves, and yet, usually, are the greatest kickers for more salary. The ob-

serving office boy learns rapidly, and if he does his work well he soon becomes too good for the place, in the sense that he is worth more in some other capacity. He is transferred, advanced, to a step higher, and there again he has his eyes wide open, is encouraged to observe and absorb in a greater degree through his first promotion, and so becomes more and more valuable.

Recognize observation at its true worth, seek it and develop it, and profit by it, become a crank on it, and the reward is sure to come. Remember education rules the world; that knowledge is power; that much education can be obtained through observation at no expense, and that observation of individuals collectively has much to do with the destiny of nations. If it means so much in a large sense what must it mean to you in a business office?

Maxims for the Business Letter Writer

By

James H. Collins

ONE of the first copy-book maxims to be ignored and forgotten in writing is that old fraud about being brief. Be interesting instead, and readers will follow you through anything. Put enough vital points into a letter, and it may run to four pages. The man who gets it will put it in his pocket to read on the train, where the brief letter goes into the wastebasket. There cannot be too much of any good thing.

But by all means be *little*, which is another matter entirely.

The ordinary business letter-sheet is awkward in form, length of line, folding and other respects. Ordinary typewriter faces lack neatness, and are

ill adapted to the eye accustomed to newspapers and books.

So, while you write your letter at full length, saying all you have to say, using as many words as are needed, and a few more, by all means put it into a little form when you send it out. Use the small "Elite" typewriter letter. Have it struck off on note-size paper that can go out in a square envelope, folded once.

When printed or written matter is *little* in this sense, people somehow assume that it is bright, even where it isn't. This is a fact I have proved again and again where it was possible to control the form in which matter was published. For several years I

wrote for a publication that was diminutive in size, and to mention it anywhere, even to people who hadn't seen a copy for years, was to bring out the instant admission, "Yes—a bright little paper, that." Reducing the size, somehow, sharpens the focus. A very little real wit or sense in a little publication favors everything else. It is the same in form letters that have personal quality. The publisher of the diminutive paper mentioned was a master at writing short, stinging paragraphs, and in early days wrote *manly* of them. As he grew older and more kindly, they were less frequent, so that he might write only one a month. But readers looked for them, and read everything else because his personality definitely colored, for them, all the matter in that paper that he didn't write.

In writing, it is essential to believe that readers would rather see you succeed than fail, just as in salesmanship. Never doubt that people will be interested, nor write in the belief that they are trying to dodge you, because they are not. They have abundant time for all good things that come along in print, and are on the lookout for them, and go to great lengths in passing them along. You do this yourself.

Of all the harmful, worthless advice to be gathered on the art of writing, that which deals with the quality of interest is worst. Some advisers assure you that you must be earnest, others say style is essential, and still others insist on what is called, vaguely, "human interest."

Let me explain a little trick of my own.

You can interest almost any kind of people in any kind of facts if you will simply take steps to put those facts in motion.

Not long ago I revised a descriptive article dealing with a large industry. The writer had spent weeks accumulating facts and figures about that industry, and his material was genuinely impressive. But he couldn't

make the facts march. He piled figure on figure, and made comparisons with the distance to the moon, and the number of times his facts would go round the world. He thoroughly warmed himself up with earnestness. And yet the facts and figures struck right where he put them.

To make them march was simple enough. Forgetting the figures about a piece of apparatus, for the moment, it was sufficient to go back to the man who first invented it, and tell something about the difficulties he encountered, and follow up with some other chap who came along and improved it, and enlarged it, and so on, until, from its first beginnings, one arrived at the perfected apparatus as it stands to-day. Then the figures had force, because the readers had seen this apparatus grow up.

When in doubt as to how to make facts march in a procession, go back mentally to the beginning. If you want to interest a man in your own business, start by explaining how tiny a business it was in the fall of '49 and the spring of '50. That gives you a point of departure, and the reader a point of interest, and facts march along naturally. Facts in motion, of course, are narrative. When you write, be a narrator.

Just one more point, and that is, never write for practice. Send the stuff out, even to a dozen persons, and let it work on them, and return to you, and grow accustomed to the strange transformation that comes over writing after it is published in any form, even as a business letter. During my own apprenticeship, practically all I wrote was published somewhere, and what is more to the purpose, some newspaper or trade journal paid me for it. We all grow a trifle impatient, now and then, with the shallowness of our newspapers and our trade press. When that kind of impatience comes to me, I turn to the old scrapbook filled with this 'prentice writing, and marvel that anybody ever published it, much less bought it with real money. This work appeared in all sorts of publications,

in every style of type, grade of paper, degree of presswork. Editors cut and slashed it, and printers introduced errors, and the result of it all was to cure me of the novice's fault of being too precise. One had to make what

one said carry over obstacles—get through somehow, even if half of it was lost. And this is important to the salesman who wants to extend his sphere of influence through the printed word.

Puncturing Some Advertising Airships

By

Truman A. De Wesse

THERE is the prevalent notion that publicity is advertising. Perhaps it is for some kinds of commodities, but in nine cases out of ten it may be affirmed with reasonable certainty that publicity is mere notoriety; that it makes the name of a commodity well known without creating the slightest desire on the part of the consumer to possess that commodity. In other words, it popularizes a name without selling the product. It gives no reasons for the purchasing of the product advertised. Take Shredded Wheat Biscuit, for example. If we put the name of our product in an electric sign on the top of ten buildings in every city and town in the United States I do not believe that it would sell an extra case of biscuit. That would be publicity of a very expensive and dazzling kind, but it wouldn't sell shredded wheat. If we converted this expensive form of publicity into advertising, however, by placing two or three lines under the name of the product, telling what it is, how it is made, and why you should eat it, there is a possibility that even this sort of airship advertising might have some appreciable effect upon the sales of shredded wheat.

Another pet fallacy which apparently has a strong hold upon the minds of publishers and solicitors is the notion that "circulation" is advertising. In searching around for something tangible to offer the advertiser, the solicitor falls back upon a tabulated

statement of subscribers, showing them by towns and cities and villages. Of course, the advertiser has no method of ascertaining the accuracy of these tabulated statements, and even if he had, he has neither the time nor the disposition to apply it. The fact is, a tabulated statement of circulation means nothing to the advertiser unless it can convey to him some idea of the quality of the circulation. A hundred thousand subscribers to a publication who do not wear suspenders are of no value to the advertiser who is in the suspender business. This is where the selling of mere circulation to an advertiser becomes an expensive joke. Not one advertising representative in a hundred takes any account of the advertiser's peculiar proposition, nor does he pretend to analyze his product in any way.

The buying of a circulation that doesn't "circulate," or a circulation that doesn't reach possible consumers of a particular product, is the source of the greatest waste in modern advertising.

Another popular fallacy which has attained great vogue among clever advertising men and which might as well be punctured at this time is the notion that all advertising must be "salesmanship-on-paper." Quite a number of clever and prolific writers who have the gift of felicitous utterance have been ringing the turn on this expression for several years past, until many advertisers have been led

I believe that advertising which is not "sale-man-shup-on-paper" is not advertising. This is a misleading fallacy which should be vigorously combated by those who are in the advertising business. I am not in the general advertising business. I am spending the money of a big corporation to advertise their products. If I were in the advertising business, however, I would combat with all the resources at my command the theory that all advertising must effect direct sales of merchandise. As a matter of fact, only mail-order advertising may be said to be "sale-man-shup-on-paper." Although one company spends a half million dollars a year in all forms of advertising, we are not able to trace direct sales to any particular advertisement in any particular medium. Our advertising is all educational.

And then there is the fetish of "plain talk" copy, an airship in which a good many deluded advertisers are sailing and which no one seems to take the time or trouble to puncture. "Plain talk" copy is all right until it degenerates into mere gabble and drivel. There is such a thing as getting too familiar with the reader. Familiarity sometimes breeds contempt in advertising as well as in social intercourse. "Plain talk," if persisted in by a writer who has the gift of gab, is very apt to peter out into flimsy flapping. Talk is cheap—except when it is printed on a magazine page that costs \$6 a line. Of course, it all depends on the commodity advertised

and the kind of people you are trying to reach. The kind of women who buy washing machines can sometimes be effectively appealed to through backward clothes-line conversation, but this sort of direct cannot be used to interest a business man in an automobile.

Another foolish fallacy that is responsible for much "dry rot" in advertising is the notion that an advertising man should be a "desk man." No man ever evolved any new or original idea regarding the exploitation of his own product by sitting at a desk listening to advertising solicitors or by dictating letters in answer to their requests for advertising. As a matter of fact, the waste-basket is the proper place for seventy-five per cent. of the letters that reach the advertising manager's desk. Most letter-writing is a waste of precious time and grey matter. Ideas are the things that count in advertising.

Out at East Aurora, Erie county, New York, is a man who quit the soap business a good many years ago to found a shop for making and selling ideas. A man with a brain bulging with phosphorus plus was too big for the soap business. You may not like all the ideas that come from the "head-worker" of the Roycroft shops, but you will have to agree that he is clever enough to cash in most of these ideas at a good price and that the Roycroft institution is one of the great advertising successes of this country. Ideas are the dynamics of advertising. Go out and get them.

Neglected End of Manufacturers' Selling Plan

By Arthur Conrad

THE retail trade of Canada in all lines have long since come to a realization of the vast importance of proper methods of display, both in store and window, as a part of their

general selling plan. The average Canadian store will be found to depend in a large measure on its display fixtures and its window space to attract and interest custom and to create

an atmosphere of worth and value. Each new store that is opened in a town or city aims to excel its predecessors in the elegance of its appointments and the efficiency of its arrangements, so that it may attract to itself by its pleasing appearance the best trade of the community. From the standpoint of the buyer all this has its influence and in most cases a very great influence. The well-equipped store draws the trade.

It is somewhat surprising that wholesale and manufacturing houses, which are usually so up-to-date in their selling plans, both through the medium of correspondence and their traveling salesmen, should have so long neglected or minimized the importance of proper display methods, and fallen behind the retailer in this particular. A visit to the average manufacturing concern or wholesale warehouse will disclose an utter absence of any attempt to show samples attractively. In many a place there is no show-room at all, while in the few places, which have provided such a room, the arrangements are usually quite inadequate.

If a manufacturer be asked why he neglects this end of his selling system, he will likely have ready two or three stock answers, which may have served the purpose ten or twenty years ago, but which in view of the advance in methods, carry no weight whatever to-day.

"We don't need to put our goods into show cases," says one man, "because we sell very few goods here in the warehouse, and anyway, we leave it to the retailer to make all these fine displays. It would be an unnecessary expense on our part."

"What's the good of a fine show room?" says another. The public want our goods, and the retailer or other buyer has got to buy from us anyway."

"A specially equipped show-room," maintains a third, "is not essential in our selling plan. We have good salesmen and they can handle any customer you may bring in."

These are three of the stock arguments trotted out against the proposition and many a man agrees with them. In a few cases they may be good reasons, but in the vast majority of instances they are fallacious. Granted that a home does not sell many goods in its warehouse, is that any reason why it should not aim to supplement its selling plan by introducing a method which has proved so successful elsewhere and thereby open up a new channel of sales? Granted that the public does want a manufacturer's goods, is that any reason why he should not seek to increase that demand in every possible way? And granted that your salesmen are efficient, are they also to be reckoned infallible and might not a show-room add greatly to their efficiency?

The well-arranged and equipped show-room in the warehouse of a wholesaler and manufacturer is gaining in popularity and importance. Rarely is a new warehouse being built without special arrangements for this purpose. And the concerns which have developed this department find it most advantageous.

A few of the arguments in favor of a show-room may now be advanced and, when we speak of the show-room, we mean a special room devoted to the purpose of displaying samples of the goods manufactured or handled by the firm, in show-cases and on display fixtures made especially for the purpose—a room, in fact, which approximates to the modern store, with all its appointments for showing goods.

It is a well-known fact that the attractiveness of any article is enhanced by being placed under polished plate-glass. It also goes without saying that the article is kept cleaner and fresher when covered up in this way. That is to say, samples are shown in the most attractive way when placed in a glass case. The time of attention is reduced in dusting and cleaning and the samples do not become shop-worn so rapidly.

Few will dispute the assertion that samples are best kept in this way. Few

Furthermore, buyers visiting the room will not need to have two or three attendants running around to get samples of this or that for them. They can even go around by themselves and see everything that is to be seen, without any attendant at all. This is where the principle of the silent salesman comes in and only those who have had experience with this principle can realize its great value. As a saving in the time and trouble of personal salesmen, the system advocated should not be overlooked.

Another advantage, which has not yet been realized even by those who have introduced the system, is the opportunity it affords for keeping an easy inventory of goods. This is, of course, an incidental advantage, but in actual experience it may prove well worth the expense of equipping the show-room. Each sample should be made to show the condition of the stock. Then when an inventory is to be taken, instead of having to visit all parts of the warehouse and overhaul every article in stock, a rapid

computation can be made right in the show-room.

Finally, when it comes down to selling goods, such a show-room is a great help. If well-lighted and decorated, it can be made so attractive to the buyer that his purchases will be increased very considerably. Arrangements are possible whereby the buyer can be taken aside and away from all interference and his attention concentrated on the matter in hand. The silent salesman suggests possible purchases, which would not otherwise be thought of and the buyer has an opportunity to see everything within a limited scope.

Special conditions naturally require special treatment, and what has been said is, of course, general in its application. But there are very few businesses in which such a show-room would not be a distinct advantage. The course of things is carrying the manufacturer on to this end and the sooner he realizes the necessity for up-to-date display methods, the better for his business.

A Prescription for Overwork

Most business men are overworked, but it is a notorious fact that the most successful are the ones which suffer the least, largely on account of their faculty of finding competent persons to help bear their burdens.

George W. Hubbard recently discussed this subject in an address, and said, in part:

"My first prescription is for an almost incurable disease called 'overwork.' Some people pass through life without a pang of it. Ordinarily, it is an inherited trouble, and can be traced to poverty, pride or ambition. We all want to get on in life, and we start out in business trying to beat the old enemy, 'overhead expense,' by sacrificing our best days and strength,

doing with our own hands thousands of things we could profitably delegate to cheaper workers. Strong backs are good, but strong heads are better.

"The captain of a vessel does not 'swab' decks, the president of a bank does not 'sweep out,' but many of us, through force of habit and lack of thought, continue 'swabbing' and 'sweeping.' It seems harder to break the habit than do the work. There is so much more to do on account of the narrow margins of profit and the necessity of reaching greater volume that other shoulders must stand the strain of increased responsibilities. Most of us are slow in appreciating the rapid increase in population or the possibilities of increasing the volume of our business."

How Did You Die?

What is a knock-down? A count of ten.

Which a man may take for a rest.

It will give him a chance to come up again

And do his part like a best;

And when you get up sad in and win—

Show the world how the far can fly—

It isn't the fact that you're fighting that counts—

It's the principle—always high.

You're beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?

Come up with a smiling face.

It's nothing against you to fall down flat,

But to lie there, that's disgrace.

The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce;

Be proud of your blackened eye,

It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,

It's how did you fight, and why?

And though you be close to the death, what then?

If you battled the best you could,

If you played your part in the world of men,

Why, the crisis will call it good.

Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,

And whether he's slow or spry,

It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts.

But only, How did you die?



A MODERN GUN MAKING PLANT

THE SPENCER FACTORY JUST OPENED BY THE TOBIN ARMS MANUFACTURING CO. AT WOODSTOCK

Canada's Pioneer Gun Factory

By

R. P. Chester

IN THE gradual multiplication of her industries, Canada has at last reached the point where she can boast of possessing the most modern gun factory in America, and where it will be possible for her to say that Made-in-Canada guns can now be procured as good as the best.

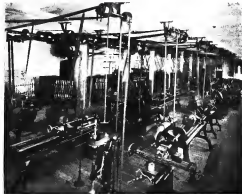
To a little group of enterprising citizens of Woodstock, headed by Henry A. Little, a local lawyer, belonging the credit for having attracted to Canada and to their home city this pioneer gun factory, now incorporated and starting business as the Tobin Arms Mfg. Co., Limited, of Woodstock.

An opportunity to inspect the plant, which for some years at least will

prove to be a novelty to many a Canadian, and to have a chat with Mr. F. M. Tobin, the managing director, was afforded me recently, and I took quick advantage of the invitation. The fine new factory stands about a block distant from the C.P.R. station at Woodstock and is thus easily accessible.

I found Mr. Tobin at work getting his office into shape, but he was willing to pause for a short time and talk with me. To my request for some explanation as to the origin and scope of the company, he replied:

"This company, the Tobin Arms Mfg. Co., Limited, of Woodstock, consists of local investors right here in the town. Among them, I might name H. A. Little, E. W. Nesbitt, M.P., for



PART OF MAIN MACHINE ROOM, TOBIN ARMS MFG. CO.

North Oxford, Col. John White, A. J. McIntosh and F. A. McIntosh. Mr. Little is president, I am vice-president and managing director, and Mr. L. M. Sovereign is our secretary-treasurer. We have bought out the business of the Tobin Arms Mfg. Co., of Norwich, Conn., well known as manufacturers of an extra high grade of American shot-gun."

"In undertaking this project," continued Mr. Tobin, "I did something which I was anxious to do for several years, as I felt that there was a future in this business in Canada, which was not in sight on the other side. In figuring out the Canadian market and its possibilities, I made up my mind that the Canadian buyer was a man who wanted a better class of article than the cheap grades so largely sold in the United States, and that is the standard we are going to work to. The fact that there is a protective tariff here, also influenced me to a consider-

able extent to locate in this country."

"Can you give me some details about your equipment and your prospective output?" I asked.

"Well, you can see, that we have a new factory, three storeys in height, 130 feet long and 70 feet frontage. It has been constructed on the most approved specifications required by the underwriters for preferred risks—what is known as slow-burning factory construction. We have excellent lighting arrangements. In fact, we have secured the very maximum amount of window-space allowed. The class of machinery and tools which we have installed is without exception more down-to-date than in any other gun factory in the world. We intend to use the Hydro-Electric power to run our machines."

"As to our output, the company now offers to the buyer a line consisting of six grades of hammerless shot guns and one grade hammer shot guns, all

See you use the ad. in Busy Man's.

double-barreled. Prices on these will range from \$20 to \$250, and with the very newest machinery, we are prepared to make the very highest type of guns at the price. We can also build guns to order, and you can realize that that is often necessary, for no two men are just exactly the same build and each needs a special size of gun, just as he needs a special size of clothes."

"How many hands will you employ, and what will be your output?"

"We start with about 50 men at work, some from the States, others from the town. It means that by our locating here, several families will be added to the population of Woodstock. The initial capacity of the factory is from 20 to 25 guns per day, and this will, no doubt, be increased as the market demand grows."

"What about export trade? Do you intend selling outside Canada?"

"We certainly do," asserted Mr. Tobin, emphatically. "Why, our first order actually came from Rangoon. We will ship our guns to Australia, New Zealand, India, China, Mexico, South America—in fact, all over the world, where shot-guns are used."

"What has been your connection with gun-making, Mr. Tobin?"

"I've had thirty years of it," answered Mr. Tobin. "I'm a Canadian, born in Nova Scotia, but I've lived most of my life in the United States. I was for many years connected with two large gun factories there. I organized the old company in 1904, with one of my former connections. My record of sales was a quarter-million shot-guns in less than six weeks, 50,000 of them to one customer."

Mr. Tobin then invited me to inspect the factory and to have a look at gun-making as carried on in it.

The process of manufacture is exceedingly interesting and to the ordinary observer is full of novelty and instruction. The factory is so well arranged and lighted that it is possible to watch every step in the making of a gun without any trouble.

The accompanying illustration gives

a capital view of the machine room, in which automatic machines, power and hand milling machines, drillers, profilers, etc., are being operated in the production of the small parts used in completing the finished arm.

In another section of the factory are to be found the stock manufacturing machines, where wooden blocks are carefully shaped into the required form for the gun stocks. It is interesting to note here that the wood used, a kind of walnut, is imported from



F. M. TOBIN
VICE-PRESIDENT AND MANAGING DIRECTOR

Europe, where it is grown by modern forestry methods in the Pyrenees, Swiss Alps and German Black Forest. It is possible to secure this wood almost as cheap as dimension lumber can be purchased from the forests here and the cultivated variety is much better suited to the needs of the business than the domestic kind.

A third department takes care of the barrel operations. Here the forged tubes, which are imported from Belgium, are brazed together and the ribs are fastened to the barrels. After the completion of the machine cuts on the barrels, the latter are taken to the

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The Onward Manufacturing Co., Berlin, Ont.



borders and at this point the greatest care and attention are given to the work. Each pair of barrels is carefully tested and gauged during the process of boring, until the required description of bore is obtained. Some additional attention is given to this work later on, where special guns are being made up to specifications.

The three parts referred to—stock, barrel actions and lock parts—when brought together take the first stage of assembling and become what is known in the factory as a gun. The operator gives a serial number to the gun, which is repeated on each part, and this is the number by which the gun is ever afterwards known.

It would seem now as if the main part of the gun-making were completed and that a few hours would see the weapon finished. But this is where the novice makes a big mistake. It actually takes five or six weeks more to put on the finishing touches. First there comes the action work, or jointing, and this is a most important process. It consists of joining the barrels to the frame. The life of the gun depends upon good work at this point, for the slightest deviation from the true will ruin the weapon.

From this operation it next goes to the department where the lock takes

and some of the small parts are fitted in the rough, that is to say, before the metal is hardened. From this it passes to the stocking department, where the wooden part and forearm are fitted to the metal. The woodwork is here fully finished, sand-papered, rubbed and oiled, and put aside until the final assembling. The metal parts are passed along to the polishing rooms, where all the parts are finished. Then they are tempered and hardened and the barrels are browned.

The gun is now complete, save for the final assembling. This latter operation calls for the most expert work in the factory. The various parts are brought together and joined up with the utmost care and exactness.

Finally, each gun, as it is finished, is taken to the shooting range and tested. It is targeted, showing the number of shot of a certain size it puts into a thirty-inch circle at forty yards—the accepted distance and size of target, generally known in the trade for describing the shooting qualities of a gun. Then it is all ready for use.

The Tobin Arms Mfg. Co. seems destined to become an important factor in Canadian industrial life.



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